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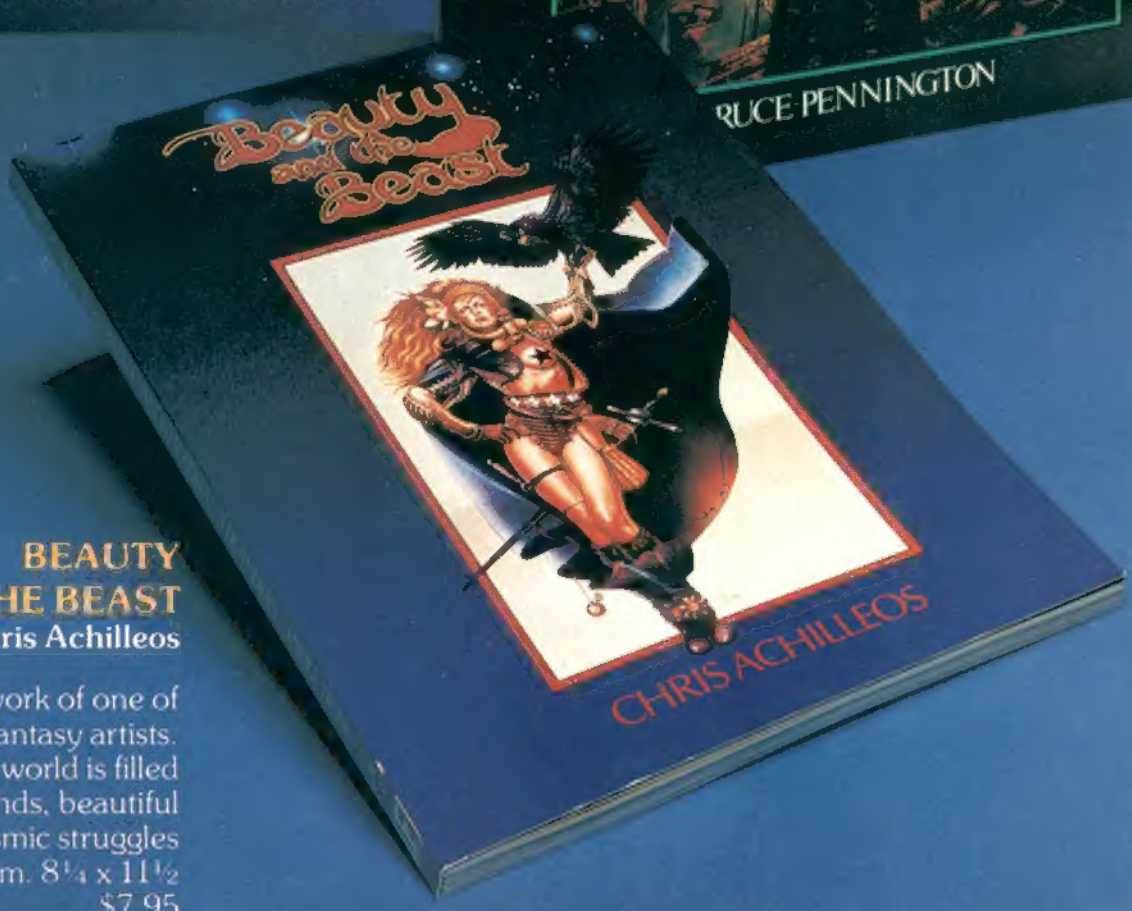

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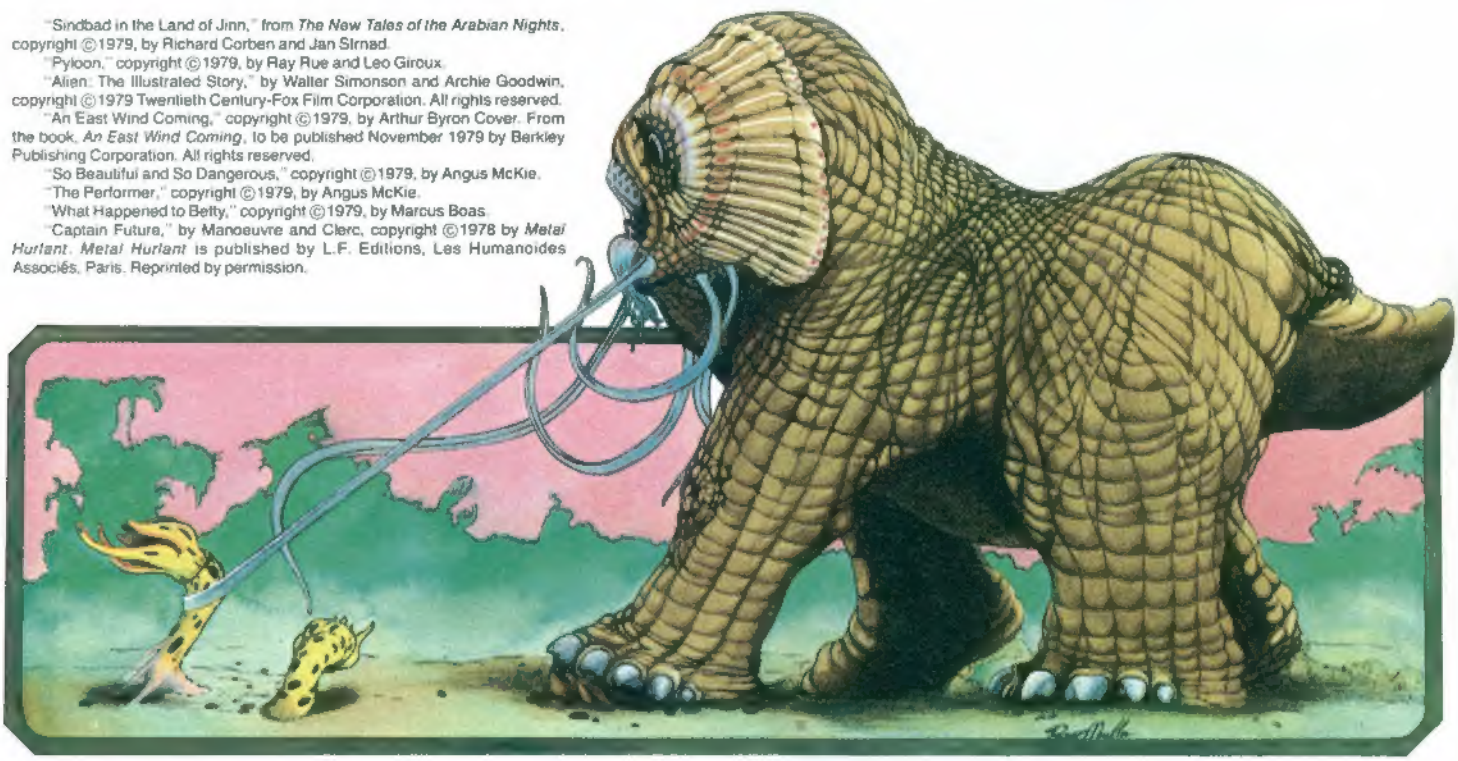

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Illustration by Stuart Nezin

...Twenty-seven...

Nezin's timely illustration on this page reminds us how important it is to have some heavy metal around the house. As Somebody-or-Other's Law says: the perversity of inanimate objects tends to the maximum.

Because we had a lot of short stuff in the May issue, we bring you a sustained piece of paranoid strangeness in June: "Captain Future" was scripted by the publisher, no less, of the French magazine, *Metal Hurlant*. His story tells of a twerp's rise to absolute power. All fiction is autobiographical, says Somebody-Else's Law.

Also included herein is the second, and last, segment of our "teaser" pages from *Alien: The Illustrated Story*. If you want to know what all those folks are gasping at, you can (a) see the movie; (b) read *The Illustrated Story* in *Heavy Metal* books; (c) read the novelization in the Warner's paperback; (d) read Avon's "movie-novel" version; (e) read *The Book of Alien*, the inside story on the making of the film (also from *Heavy Metal* books); or (f) all of the above.

We are testing Yet-Another-Somebody's Law about the number of spin-off books that can be supported on the hypotenuse of a great sf flick.

Now that Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers, as well as the aforementioned *Alien*, are all on our neighborhood screens, we must remind ourselves once again not to believe that sf and fantasy have come of age, are taking over, etc., etc. Here's one last law: until ten million newsstand copies of a single issue of this magazine are sold, the whole thing is probably just a fad....

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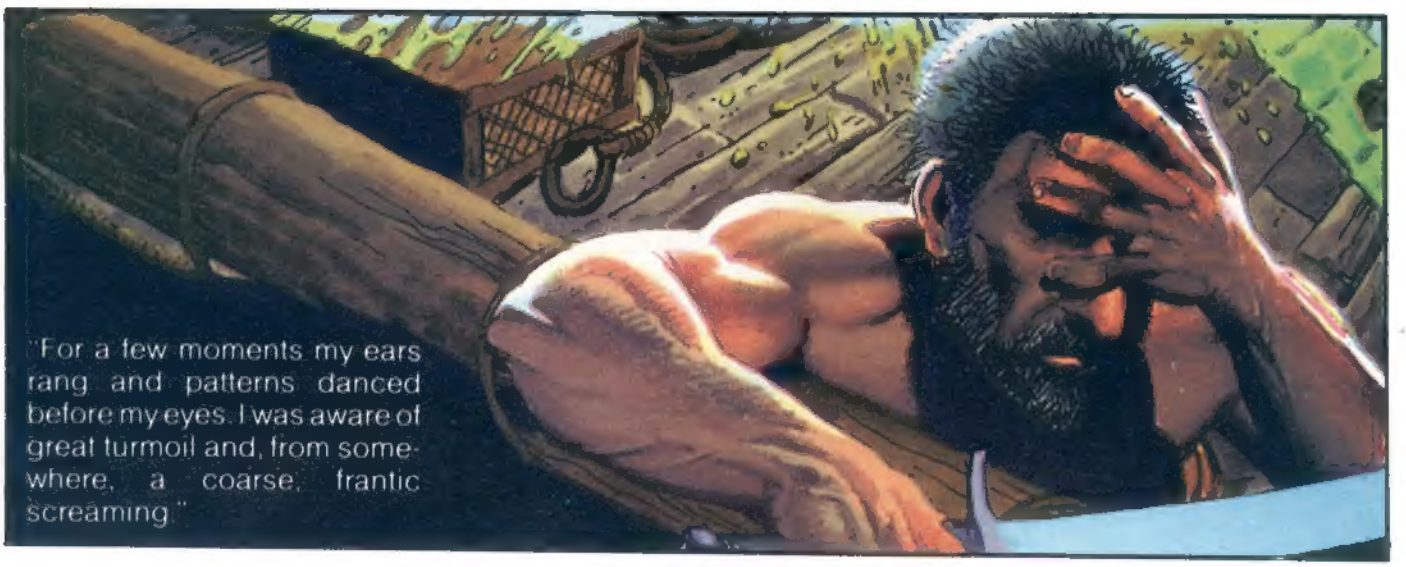
New Tales of the Arabian Nights
Sindbad in the Land of the Jinn
"There was a muffled explosion as Behram shattered the globe. His death was instantaneous, I'm sure."
© 1979 Richard Corben & Jan Strnad


"For a few moments my ears rang and patterns danced before my eyes. I was aware of great turmoil and, from somewhere, a coarse, frantic screaming."

AAARRGGHK!
SMASH!
"It was Ali Ben-Abda, the Ogre, his body a living torch. For these were no earthly flames, but an all-consuming force that struck fear even in the cold heart of Al-Ra'ad al-Kasif."

AAARRRR

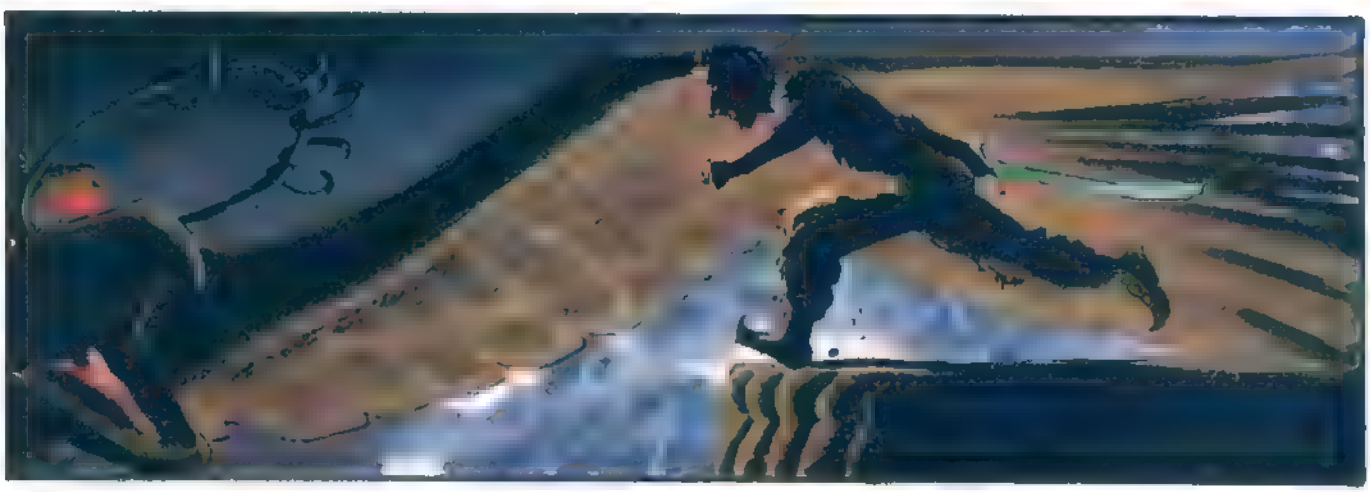
"I sought to flee the ship, but found my way blocked."

"My mind was in chaos! I needed a plan, but what? **What**?"

"I lashed out viciously at the bird's foot, not minding that, should the grip be released, I would fall to my death."
SKRREEEEEEE!

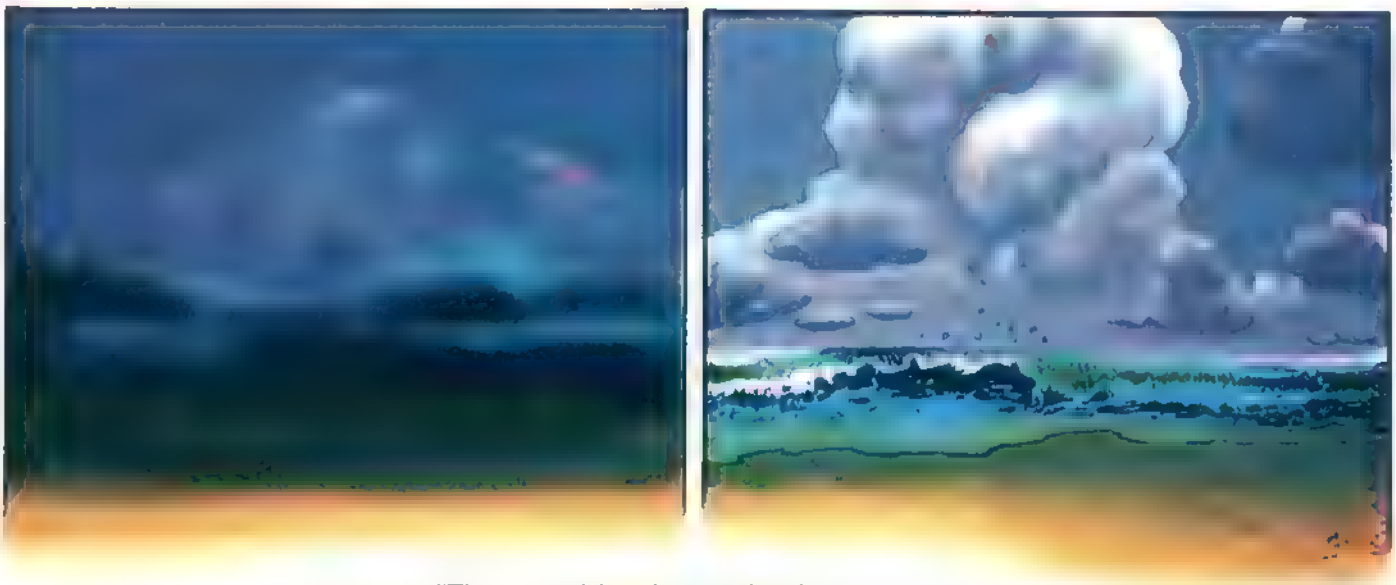
Luck was with me, and at last I had some faint notion what I must do.

if only I had time. Its strength and the grace of Allah!

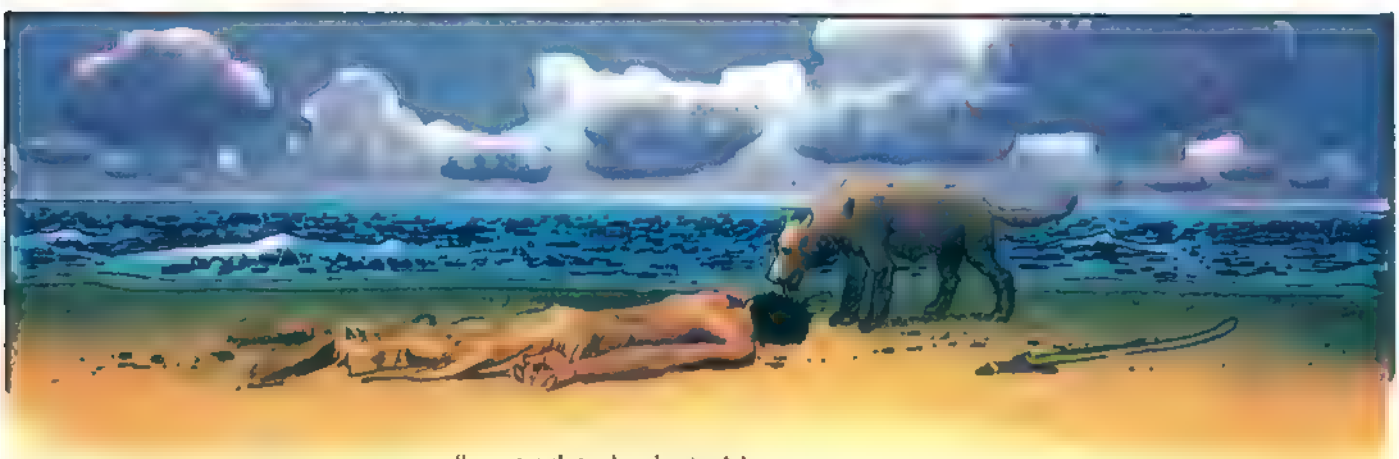


SNAP!
SKRIEEEEEEE!

"I clung to Al-Ra'ad's body as it spiraled down and down. Sight and feeling left me. In darkness, my tortured mind at last found peace."



"The next thing I perceived was warm sand and the scent of the ocean . . ."



". . . and a dog's wet tongue lapping against my face."

to be continued

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A SPACE OPERA, COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

SUPER SCIENCE FICTION

SPECIAL

CAPTAIN FUTURE

HM EDITIONS

JUNE

THE AMAZING CAPTAIN FUTURE

CAPTAIN FUTURE

A HERO CREATED BY PHIL MANOEUVRE

CAPTAIN FUTURE
AMAZING!! THRILLING!!
SPECTACULAR!!
AAAAA
OH, NO! NOT THAT!
AAAAAA!

DRRRNNNG
POP!
WHEW! ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE NIGHT-MARES!
DRRIIING
SNIFF!
SPLURT!
NOW FOR A LITTLE COFFEE!
GAS METER
INSTANT CHOCO-BEV
potato chip
SKRITCH SKRATCH
YESTERDAY'S LAST-DITCH ULTIMATUM FROM THE MARTIAN FORCES WAS REJECTED OUT OF HAND...
AND AT 3400 HOURS, OUR FORCES BLEW THE SWAN GALAXY TO ATOMIC BITS A TOTAL VICTORY THEN AND THERE FOR OUR AMBASSADOR, GUY HUBBLE!
YOU MIGHT HAVE WOKE ME UP TOO.. YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO GOES TO WORK, YOU KNOW...
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE
JULY, 1995
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, ON THE DOORSTEP...
280
DAMN IT ALL!
SERGE CLERC.
2

A DEMONSTRATION! JUST MY LUCK! NOW I'LL BE LATE FOR THE THINE TANK SESSION..
'SCUSE ME! PLEASE! PARDON ME! LET ME THROUGH...
STOP
NO
MORE
UP THE DUS
DSU
D.U.S
THE DUS
AT THE SAME MOMENT, SOMEWHERE IN THE HEART OF THAT GREEN HELL, AMAZONIA...
SERGE CLERC
HE WILL TALK, WON'T HE, PROFESSOR ?
YOUR ROBBOIDS BROUGHT HIM HERE IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE! I HAD TO OVERHAUL ALL HIS NATURAL CIRCUITS! IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF HE MAKES IT!!
DO SOMETHING, DAMN YOU! WE HAVE TO KNOW!
FUTURE! CAPTAIN FUTURE...
MY GOD! YOU HEARD IT!
TOO LATE... HE'LL NEVER SPEAK AGAIN!!
SHIT!
3

5000 MILES AWAY, ON THE TOP FLOOR OF A MOST OSTENTATIOUS BUILDING, IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE G.I.A. (GOVERNMENTAL INFORMATION AGENCY), A THINK TANK SESSION IS WINDING DOWN...
GENTLEMEN, I HAVE SELDOM HEARD SUCH A PILE OF BULL-SHIT!
THIS WAR IS HITTING US HARD AND OUR JOB IS TO COVER UP THE SITUATION!
NO ONE IS ASKING YOU TO TRANSFORM OUR DEFEATS INTO VICTORIES, JUST TO CREATE SOME ACCEPTABLE ALTERNATIVES, A LITTLE PIZZAZZ, A LITTLE SHOW BUSINESS!
AFTER ALL, TRUTH IS RELATIVE!
IN THE NEXT ROOM...
GOVERNING INFORMATION
POSITION 8
NO! YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING! LOOK AT HIM! HE'S PERFECTLY HARMLESS!
WE HAVE OUR ORDERS! I'M TELLING YOU, THIS CHARLIE FLUTCHER HAS GOT TO DISAPPEAR! "THEY" ARE ADAMANT ABOUT IT AND I'M REFERRING TO A GROUP EVEN HIGHER THAN THE GRAND COUNCIL!
IT'S ALL SET! HE'S OFF TO FIGHT ON SIMPROX!
WHAT? SIMPROX? THE LAST OUTPOST... THAT'S SENDING HIM TO HIS DEATH!
UNDER WHAT PRETEXT? FOR WHAT REASON?
THIS VERY MORNING, YOUR DEAR LITTLE CHARLIE FLUTCHER TOOK PART IN A PEACE DEMONSTRATION!
LOOK AT THIS PHOTO-PROOF WE GOT IT FROM THE FILES OF THE SECRET POLICE ON HIS BLOCK.
DSU
OH, ALL RIGHT!
PROOFPROOF
CENTRAL AGENCY
4

GOOD! BUT TELL ME IS IT TRUE YOU LIKE STRAWBERRY YOGURT?
BACK IN THE JUNGLE
CAPTAIN FUTURE! THOSE WORDS AGAIN! EVER SINCE THEY SENT THAT SHIP INTO THE FUTURE, THOSE TWO WORDS KEEP CROPPING UP AT THE CENTER OF WHATEVER THEY'RE UP TO!
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND
OBVIOUSLY, BECAUSE YOU NEVER UNDERSTAND ANYTHING, PROFESSOR!
SO! YOU'VE BEEN EAVESDROPPING AGAIN, MATILDA!
DO YOU NEED EVERYTHING EXPLAINED TO YOU? WHAT IS THE ONLY THING, ASIDE FROM US, THAT THE MASTERS OF THE WORLD FEAR?
THE FUTURE!
RIGHT! FOR WHO KNOWS WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS?
SO, THAT'S WHY THE VOYAGE INTO THE FUTURE OBSESSES THEM!
THEIR FIRST TIME TRAVELER BROUGHT BACK TALES OF AN INCREDIBLE BEING..
...CAPTAIN FUTURE! NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE BRAVE EXPLORER WAS PUT TO DEATH!
YOU KNEW HIM RATHER INTIMATELY, I UNDERSTAND?
5

WELL ENOUGH TO FEEL I HAD TO COME AND ROT IN THIS JUNGLE FULL OF SHABBY WRECKS LIKE YOU!
WHAT-EVER YOU SAY, MY DEAR! TUT! TUT! YOU SEE THIS ROBOT WE INTER-ROGATED! HE IS THE PROOF THAT I WAS LOOKING FOR
THE MASTERS OF THE WORLD ARE PANICKING! FROM ALL OVER, THEY'RE DISPATCHING ANYONE WHO MIGHT BREED OR BECOME "CAPTAIN FUTURE" TO THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE OF SIMPROX!
BUT WE HAVE OUR SPIES
SUDDENLY, THE INTERCOM SCREAMS FOR ATTENTION
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
ZONE 3
A CALL FROM THE SATELLITE AT POSITION 8 I'LL LOOK INTO IT!!
BASE TRANSAMAZONIA
THIS IS BASE TRANSAMAZONIA COME IN! COME IN!
THEY HAVE FOUND A POTENTIAL CAPTAIN FUTURE ON MY STAFF THEY'RE SENDING HIM TO SIMPROX! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING EVEN MORE SERIOUS
HOW COME?
I THINK THEY KNOW ABOUT STRAWBERRY YOGURT!
IN THAT CASE OVER AND OUT!
CONTROL
FREQUENCY
TUNNING FOR MAXIMUM SOUND
click!

WHAT A FOOL! WHY DID HE CALL US? OUR COVER WILL BE BLOWN IN LESS THAN TWENTY HOURS!
ALL THIS FOR SOME POTENTIAL CAPTAIN FUTURE!
THE DIRTY RATS! SO, WE KNOW THAT THIS CHARACTER IS LEAVING FOR SIMPROX! WHAT IF WE SAVE HIM, AND MAKE A HERO OUT OF HIM, A WEAPON TO USE AGAINST THE MASTERS OF THE WORLD!
AH! HA! VERY INTERESTING!
MEANWHILE, CRAMMED IN WITH A BUNCH OF SHOCK TROOPS, ZONKED ON MORPHO-C4, DRAGGING THEIR FEET, WEIGHED DOWN BY HEAVY ANTI-GRAVITY BOOTS, CHARLIE FLUTCHER UNDERSTANDS NOTHING OF WHAT IS HAPPENING TO HIM.
AFTER A LONG WAIT, THE MEN ENTER THE ROCKETS.
HA! HA! HA! SO LONG, SUCKERS!
55 SECURITY
EARTH SECURITY 55
WAVE UPON WAVE, THE HEAVY ROCKETS BLAST OFF FROM THE BASE IN BROOKLAND, NARK...
EMPIRE 367
EMPIRE 910
BUT IN THE GREAT BEYOND, THE MARTIAN SCOUTS ARE WATCHING...
95
7

CAPTAIN FUTURE
INNOCENT BYSTANDER CHARLIE FUTCHER FINDS HIMSELF BEING DEPORTED TO SIMPROX, WHERE A GALACTIC WAR IS RAGING, AND ALL BECAUSE THE MASTERS OF THE WORLD FEAR THE FUTURE.
STORY: PHIL MANOEUVRE ART: SERGE CLERC
JUST AS THE MARTIAN SCOUT SHIP IS ABOUT TO SIGNAL THE FLEET...
CONVOY! CONVOY! AT 15.
HERE COMES CONRAD IN HIS ASTRO-JET
WITH MATILDA AT HIS SIDE..
LOOK... STRAIGHT AHEAD... A MARTIAN...
8

TAKEN BY SURPRISE, THE MARTIAN SPEEDS OFF INTO A CLUSTER OF ASTEROIDS.
VULCAN
NOW WE'LL NEVER FIND HIM, CONRAD!
CLASH!
BUT CONRAD FIRES...
THE PROJECTILES FLASH OUT, LEAVING LUMINOUS TRAILS ACROSS SIDEREAL SPACE...
AND...
WHAAAM!
MARTIAN VULCAN
BRAVO! CONRAD! YOU GOT HIM!
SURE! THANKS TO DOCTOR BONO'S LITE-SEEKING MISSILE!
9

IN THE ROCKET SHIP, COMMANDER BOUVIER-MULLER, IS UNAWARE OF ALL THIS..
AUTO-MATIC PILOT ALL THE WAY TO SIMPROX!
LOUD AND CLEAR, COM-MANDER!
FIVE DECKS BELOW, CHARLIE FYUTCHER BREAKS DOWN...
SOB SOB
HE THINKS OF HIS BOOKS AND HIS WIFE, AND HE WEEPS
BUT NOW THE EFFECT OF THE MORPHO-C4 IS WEARING OFF AND THE SOLDIERS BEGIN TO FEEL PURE HATRED WASHING OVER THEM ..
ONE OLD VET FINDS A WAY TO PASS THE TIME...
HEY, YOU!
WHAT! ME?
YEAH! YOU, YA FAGGOT! KNEEL DOWN!

NO!
I SAID KNEEL DOWN!
COMMANDO
THE CONFRONTATION QUICKLY DEGENERATES INTO A FREE-FOR-ALL BRAWL....
CRACCKKK
AAAAAAAA
FIVE DECKS ABOVE, COMMANDER BOUVIER-MULLER IS TALKING WITH MATSON, HIS SECURITY OFFICER.
EVERYONE KNOWS THAT THE FALL OF SIMPROX IS JUST A MATTER OF DAYS, AND YET THEY STAND..
..THIS RIDICULOUS CONVOY TO THE MASSACRE! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT'S GOING ON?
SECURITY
I'M JUST A COP! I DON'T GET IT!
SUDDENLY.
CCC... COMMANDER?... THERE'S A RIOT DOWN BELOW!
AH! MERE ROUTINE! EXCUSE ME A MOMENT
11

A FEW MINUTES LATER
SEAL OFF THE BULKHEAD AND WAIT! THEN, IN TWENTY MINUTES, WHEN IT'S ALL OVER, THROW THE DEAD INTO SPACE.
WITH YOUR PERMISSION, SIR, I'LL GO TAKE A LOOK! THIS SPECTACLE MIGHT BE QUITE EDIFYING!
AS YOU PLEASE, MISTER MATSON!
CAN CHARLIE FYUTCHER LAST TWENTY MINUTES MORE?
HUUUUU!
WILL HE MAKE IT?
12

CAPTAIN FUTURE
FLASH FORWARD
EEEEK!
MEANWHILE, CHARLIE BOY'S IN BIG TROUBLE!
CHARLIE FLETCHER IS ABOUT TO FALL BENEATH THE HORDE, WHEN HE SEEMS TO FIND AN ALLY, IN THIS MAN!
AAAAAAH!
LITTLE BY LITTLE, THANKS TO THIS PROVIDENTIAL RESCUE, THE ATTACKS BEGIN TO DIE DOWN....
WHEW! I THINK IT'S OVER, NOW!!
MY GOD, I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED MYSELF CAPABLE OF..
IT'S THE MORPHO! IT TRANSFORMED YOU FROM A MOUSE TO A LION!
ANY-WAY, YOU FOUGHT WELL!
NOTHING BROKEN? GOOD! NOW, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
?!

BUT THAT'S FORBIDDEN!
SHUT UP! LISTEN TO THAT SOUND!
RETURN TO SATURN
WHA... WHAT IS IT?
ANDROIDS... IT'S THE ANDROIDS...
IN EMERGEN
BREAK THE P
YES, THE ANDROID SANITARY ENGINEERS... COMING TO THROW THE CORPSES OUT INTO SPACE...
337
338
510
HIDDEN IN A CORNER OF THE CABIN, FAUTCHER AND THE STRANGER OBSERVE THE ANDROIDS AT WORK..
ENGINE ROOM
WE'VE GOT TO TRY TO NEUTRALIZE ONE OF THEM!!
SERGE CLERC

AND JUST A FEW MINUTES LATER, TWO STRANGE ANDROIDS LEAVE THE SCENE OF HUMAN CARNAGE...
338
337
BUT FROM A CATWALK ABOVE THE CORRIDOR, SECURITY OFFICER MAT-SON SPOTS THE TWO ANDROIDS..
HEY! THOSE TWO ANDROIDS! WHERE ARE THEY GOING?
?!
MY GOD! THAT'S RIGHT!
DROID 337! DROID 338!
NEVER MIND THAT! LOOK!
15

I'LL SEND THE SEEKER ROBOTS AFTER THEM!
NEVER MIND! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM MYSELF! I THINK I KNOW WHERE THEY'RE GOING!
ZONE 950 DO NOT ENTER
338
338
ZONE 850 INTERSPACE SHIPS ENTRANCE FORBIDDEN TO ALL WITH LESS THAN UNIT 5 CLEARANCE
AH!
ANDROIDS STROKE UNIT 338
THE TWO ANDROIDS ENTER THE IMMENSE ROOM THAT HOLDS THE SPACESHIPS. ONE OF THEM SEEMS TO BE LOOKING FOR A PARTICULAR VESSEL...

THERE! THAT'S THE PLANE!
SX1
112
338
WHAT PLANE?
I WARN YOU, DON'T DO ANYTHING FOOLISH! THIS ARCHAIC WEAPON IS A REVOLVER THAT SHOOTS BULLETS!!
STARFIGHTER 105
AN EXCELLENT WEAPON, ACTUALLY!
HE'S BLUFFING!!!
338
BLAM!!
17

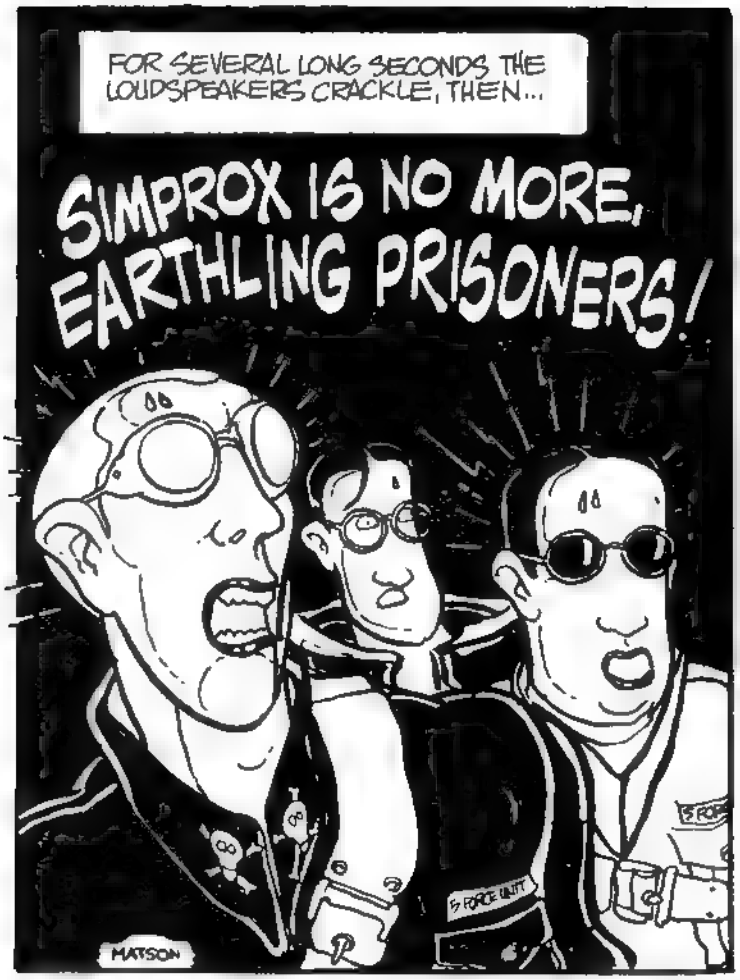
A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION RINGS OUT... THE BODY OF THE STRANGER COLLAPSES BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED CHARLIE FYUTCHER...
YOU.. YOU KILLED HIM!!
I NEVER KNEW WHO HE WAS! BUT HE SAVED MY LIFE!!
337
SECURITE
YES, BUT WE TWO KNEW EACH OTHER. THIS MAN WAS NONE OTHER THAN JOE STALIN!
THE CONTROL OFFICERS ARE STARTLED AT THE VERY MENTION OF THE NAME...
WHAT?! JOE STALIN, THE RENEGADE!!
MILLENIUM FALCON
YES! AND IT SEEMS JOE STALIN TRIED TO FREE THIS MAN!
SERGE CLERC
AVRIL 78

SHOULD WE LIQUIDATE HIM, TOO?
NO! LEAVE HIM WITH ME!!
BUT WE CAN SEND THAT CORPSE OUT TO MEET HIS FRIENDS IN A LITTLE GIFT WRAPPING!!!
SPACE-SHIP 905
CONTROL
337
MATSON

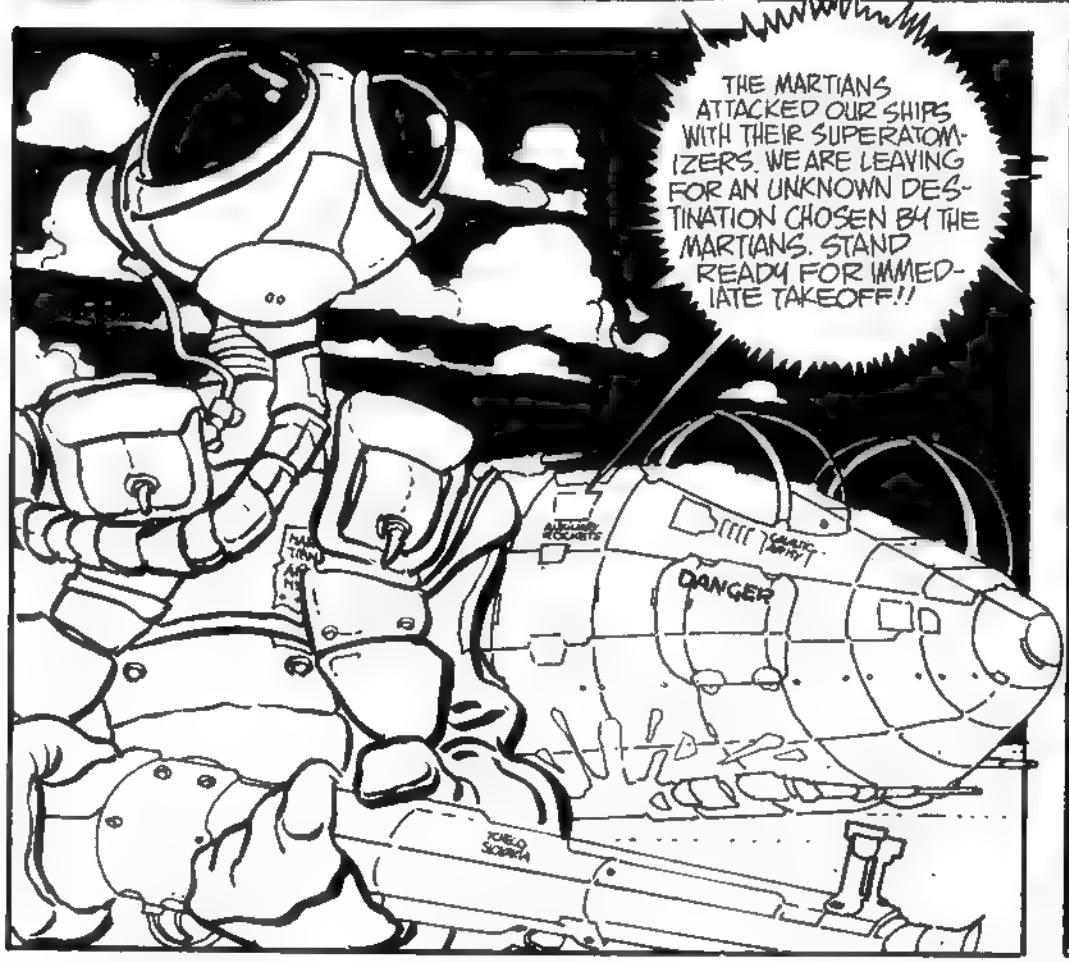
CHARLIE FULTCHER IS CLOSELY WATCHED BY MATSON, BUT BECAUSE COMMANDER BOLVIER-MULLER HAS NOT GIVEN THE COP AUTHORITY TO PRACTICE THIRD-DEGREE TORTURE, CHARLIE ENDS HIS TRIP IN GOOD SHAPE...
EMPIRE
THE MONOTONY OF THE SPACE FLIGHT IS INTERRUPTED OCCASIONALLY BY THE VISION OF BRILLIANT NEBULAE...

A FEW DAYS LATER, SIMPROX IS IN SIGHT...
IMPERIAL FLEET CALLING! COME IN, SIMP-ONE! I REPEAT, CALLING SIMP-ONE! COME IN!
KRRR... THIS IS SIMP-ONE...
EMPIRE 910
EMPIRE
19

ON SIMPROX, A GROUP OF HAGGARD, MUD-SPLATTERED SOLDIERS...
ZACH! REIN-FORCEMENTS...
THIS IS SIMP-ONE HERE! HOLY SPACE JUNK! GET A MOVE ON! WE CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONG-ER...
SERGE CLERC
MEANWHILE, AFTER A DIFFICULT DESCENT, THE CONVOY LANDS IN A THUNDER OF ATOMIC RETRO-ROCKETS...
EMPI
DANGER
SCRIIIIIIIIII
THAT MOMENT, RADIO CONTACT IS SUDDENLY LOST...
SIMP-ONE...COME IN, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
20



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AFTER SOME LONG SESSIONS, COMMANDER BOUVIER-MULLER SPEAKS TO THE CREW AND SOLDIERS ON THE INTERCOM...
SOLDIERS, THERE'LL BE NO FIGHTING! SIMPROX HAS FALLEN...


THE MARTIANS ATTACKED OUR SHIPS WITH THEIR SUPERATOMIZERS. WE ARE LEAVING FOR AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION CHOSEN BY THE MARTIANS. STAND READY FOR IMMEDIATE TAKEOFF!!
DANGER

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43...

PYLOON & QA

IN "THE OUTPOST"

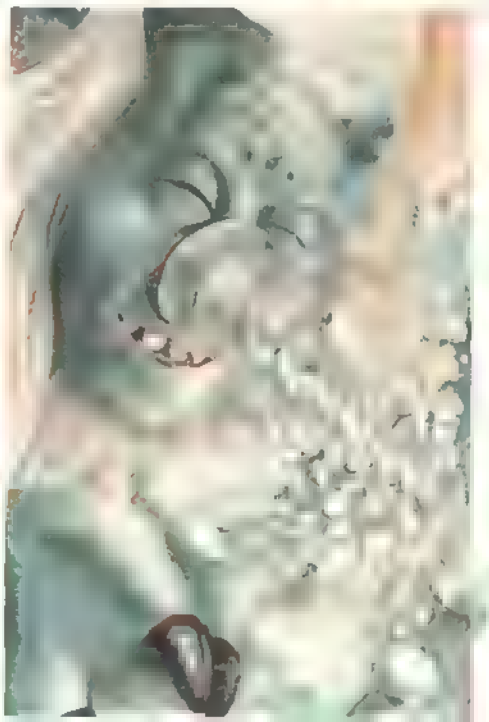
ART: RAY RUE/SCRIPT: LEO GIROUX, JR.

©1978 RUE/GIROUX

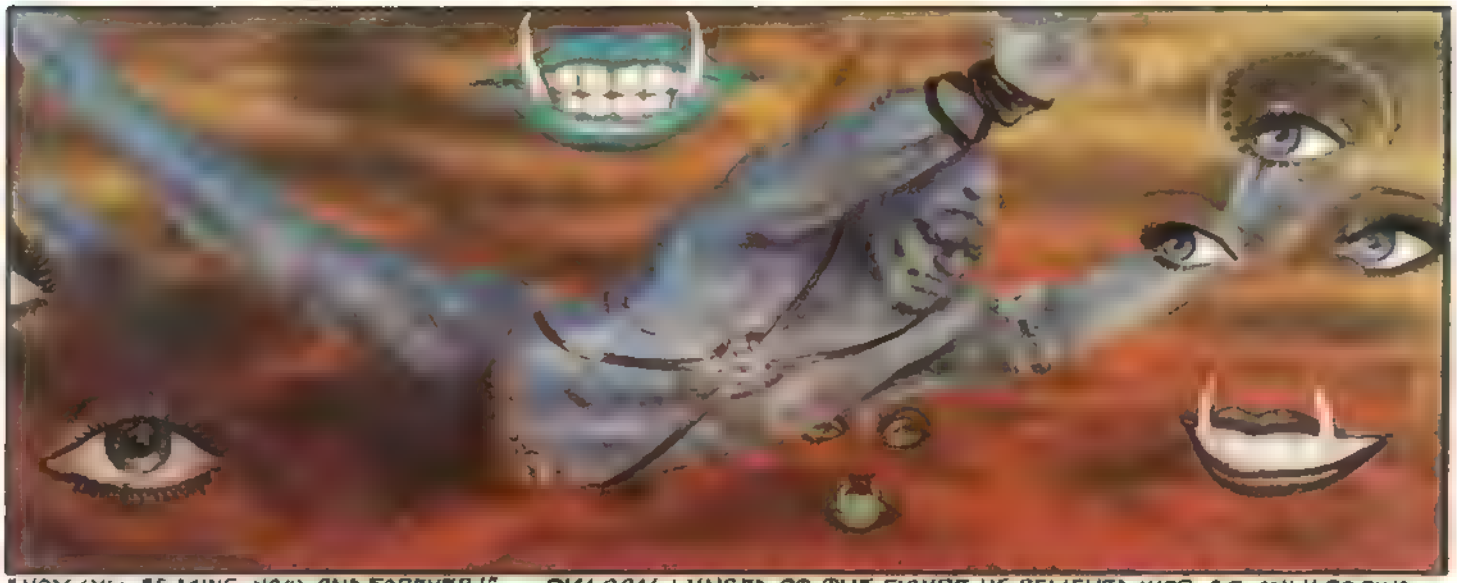
IT IS MATING TIME ON THE PLANET, ARX-- FIERCE PYLOON SEEKS QA, A FEMALE OF HIS SPECIES, AT AN OUTPOST NEAR ONE OF THE POLES.
HIS MEMORY OF HER LINGERS LIKE A MIRAGE!
PYLOON, HOWEVER, HAS BEEN TRAILED BY TLIX, A BURROWER MINION OF NUURGAAH, THE ICE GIANT. EARLIER PYLOON HAD ESCAPED FROM A CRYOGENIC BERG, AND TLIX HAS BEEN SENT TO RECAPTURE HIM.

TELEPATHICALLY, QA TAUNTS:
"HA, FOOLISH PYLOON, WILL YOU NEVER LEARN AND LEAVE ME BE?"

AND AT THE BASE OF THE OUTPOST--



WHILE *PYLOON* IS TELEPORTED INTO THE OUTPOST, *QA* RESTS IN ONE OF THE CAVES.



"YOU WILL BE MINE, NOW AND FOREVER!" -- *PYLOON* LUNGED AT THE FIGURE HE BELIEVED WAS *QA*, ONLY TO FIND--

"KILL HIM!" SCREAMS THE *R'YL* CHIEFTAIN.

"KILL *ME*?!!" REPLIES *PYLOON*...

"NEVER, BY THE THOUSAND MOONS OF *NADA-LON!*" SO *PYLOON* SWEARS BY THE *AXXIAN* HEAVEN...

"THERE, PYLOON--- IF YOU WOULD HAVE ME, TAKE YOUR PICK!"
QA HAS USED THE MESMERIZING HIEROGLYPHIC* ON HER THIGH TO CREATE A MADDENING ILLUSION—MULTIPLE IMAGES OF HERSELF IN A KALEIDOSCOPE OF COLORS!
USING HIS SENSORS TO FIND THE TRUE QA, PYLOON ASSUMES HIS NATURAL PURPLISH HUE.
*THESE GLYPHS, CONSTANTLY CHANGING IN COLOR AND SHAPE; ARE POWERFUL LIVING SYMBOLS OF THE AXHIAN SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE!

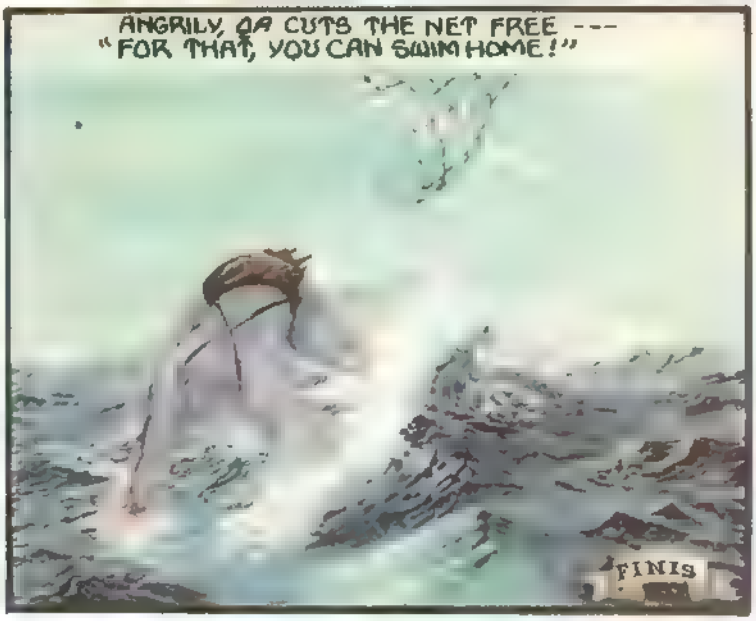
"PYLOON, BELOVED, HE WILL FIRE THE WEAPON!" QA SHOWS HER TRUE EMOTION FOR ONCE. THEN THE GROUND HUTS AND THE DIN IS INCREASED!

"AAH--HERE ARE MANY FOR *NUURGAAH'S* CRYOGENIC KITCHEN," GLOATS *TLIX*.

TLIX IS ABOUT TO FREEZE *PYLOON* BUT HE IS NETTED BY *QA* ON HER AIR SLED AND PULLED TO SAFETY.

"AS THEY FLY, *QA* TAUNTS: "ACCEPT IT, *PYLOON*, YOU ARE DOOMED TO A LIFE OF UNFULFILLED DESIRE!" "YOU CALLED ME BELOVED," HE SHOUTS BACK.

ANGRILY, *QA* CUTS THE NET FREE --- "FOR THAT, YOU CAN SWIM HOME!"

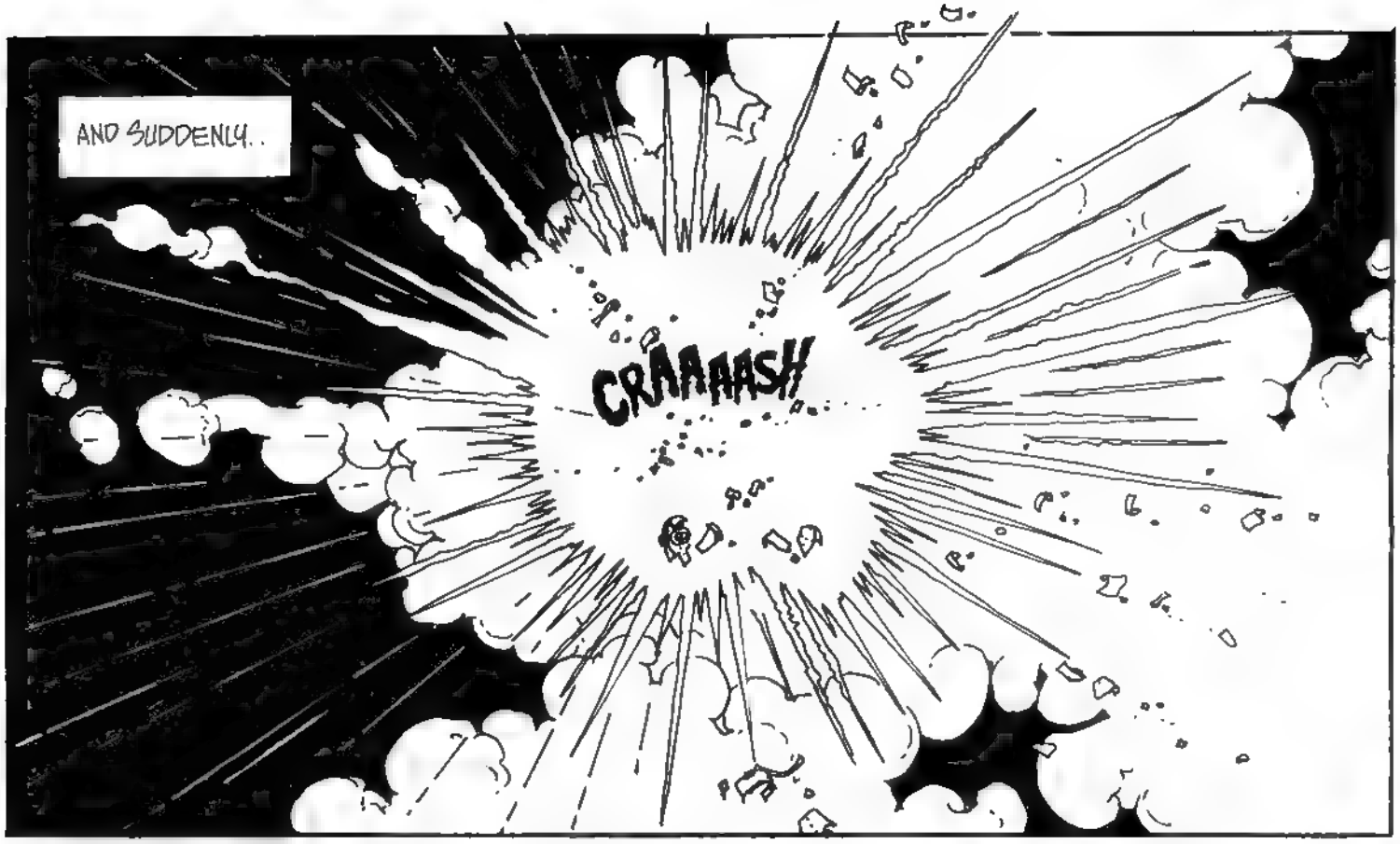


CAPTAIN FUTURE
SIMPROX HAS FALLEN, AND THE IMPERIAL FLEET'S CREW HAS BEEN DEPORTED TO A MYSTERIOUS DESTINATION BY THE MARTIANS... AND NOW THAT THE INFAMOUS JOE STALIN HAS BEEN KILLED, WHAT WILL BEFALL THE REBEL AGENTS?
BECAUSE, WHILE ALL THIS HAS BEEN GOING ON, CONRAD AND MATILDA HAVE BEEN TRAVELING THROUGH SPACE TO KEEP THEIR RENDEZVOUS WITH JOE STALIN...
I CHECKED THE DETECTO-SYSTO! IT CAN'T BE MUCH FURTHER.
FUZZZZZZ
AUTOM ATIC
JANUARY
NORTHROP
AND WHAT IF THEY AREN'T THERE?
TUT! TUT! MY DEAR! YOU'RE UNDER-ESTIMATING GOOD OLD JOE!
22

WAIT! THERE'S A BLEEP ON THE TELE-SCREEN!
CONRAD
A LIGHT PLANE SEEMS TO BE APPROACHING, TEARING THROUGH THE ICY VOID OF SPACE...
SX-1
SHORTLY THEREAFTER, THE HEAVY SX-1 ESPADONIC SLIPS CLOSE BY CONRAD AND MATILDA'S ROCKET...
THAT'S STRANGE! WHY HASN'T STALIN MADE CONTACT WITH US?
COULD HE BE IN TROUBLE? TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS, MATILDA. I'M GOING TO CHECK INTO THIS!!
CONRAD
23

AFTER PUTTING ON HIS SPACE-SUIT, CONRAD PROPELS HIMSELF IN THE DIRECTION OF JOE STALIN'S SHIP...
535
CONRAD
MATILDA IS IN CONTACT WITH HIM...
BE CAREFUL, CONRAD! I'M SCARED!
GOL-DARN IT! THIS DAMN HATCH!
AH! GOT IT!
BUT ALONE IN THE CORRIDORS, SILENCE ANSWERS THE ECHO OF HIS FOOTSTEPS.
BUT WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?
AH! HERE WE ARE! THE COCKPIT!
24

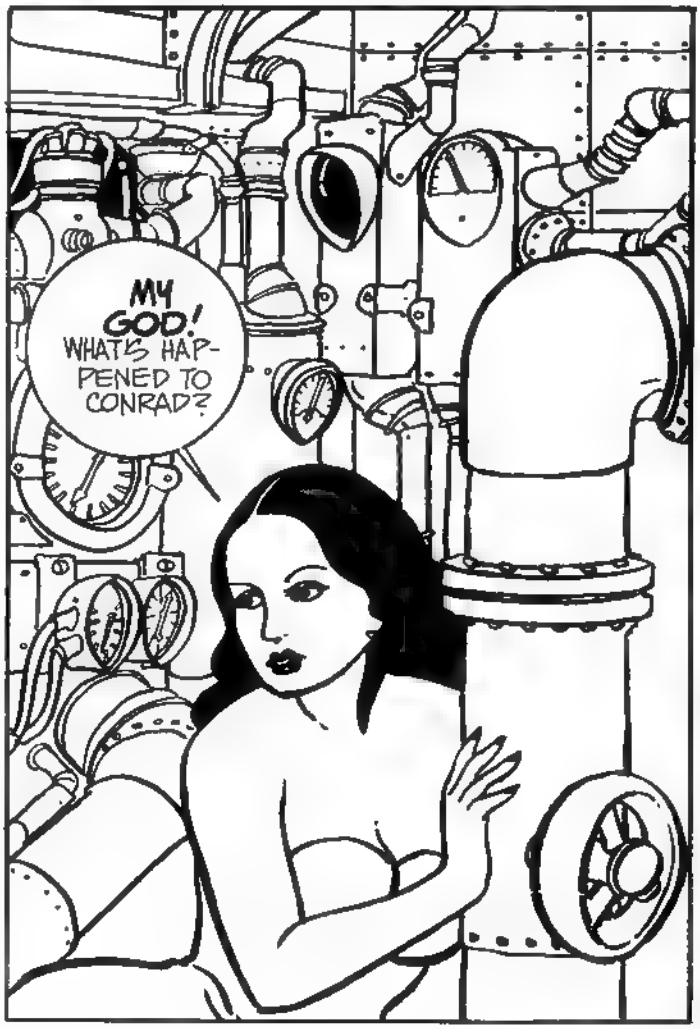
HOLY COW!
535
WELCOME TO HELL!
25



THUS IS A DREADFUL TRAP SET IN PLACE BY MATSON SPRUNG..

A MYSTERIOUS BOMB PULVERIZES THE BRAVE CONRAD AND JOE STALIN'S CORPSE..

DAZED BY THE SHOCK WAVES, MATILDA SLOWLY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS ..



A BRIEF GLANCE AT THE SCREEN TELLS HER... IN THE SURROUNDING SPACE, THERE REMAINS ONLY SOME BURNT DEBRIS. HER OWN SPACESHIP HAS SUFFERED HEAVY DAMAGES.

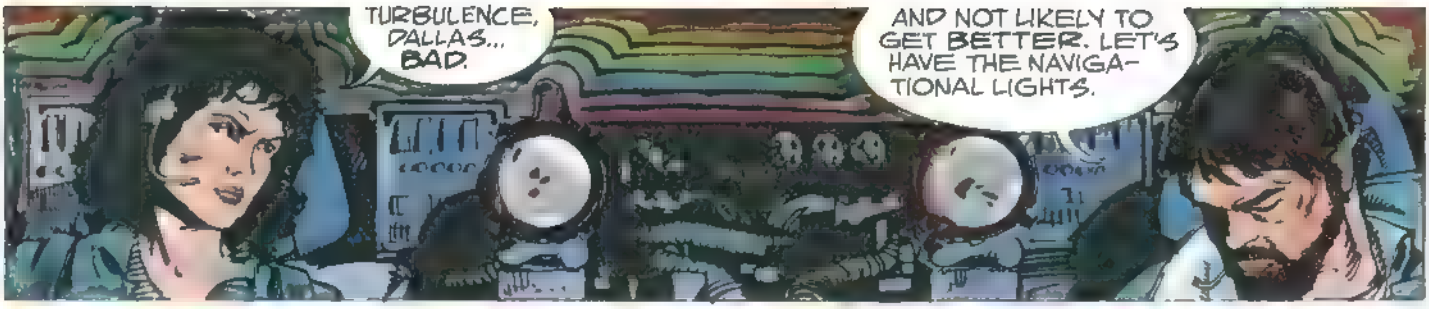
A PRISONER IN SPACE!

26

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63...

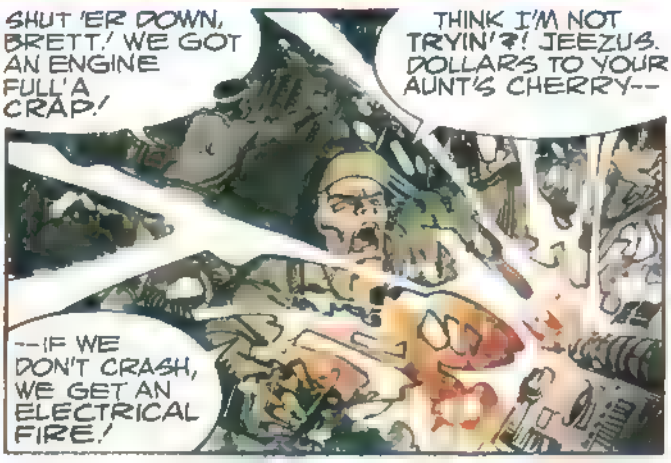
ALIEN
THE ILLUSTRATED STORY
APPROACHING ORBITAL APOGEE. MARK. TWENTY SECONDS...
NINETEEN.. EIGHTEEN..
ROLL 92 DEGREES STAR-BOARD YAW!
EQUATORIAL ORBIT NAILED! ASH, SHOUT IF THE EC PRES-SURE READING CHANGES
WORRIED ABOUT RE-DUNDANCY MANAGEMENT DISABLING CMGS CON-TROL...? WE'LL AUGMENT WITH TACS AND MONITOR THROUGH COMPU-TER IN-TERFACE.
FEEL BETTER?
A LOT PREPARE TO DISENGAGE...

L ALIGNMENT ON PORT AND STAR-BOARD IS GREEN
GREEN ON SPINAL UMBILICUS SEVERANCE.
CROSSING THE TERMIN-ATOR. NIGHT SIDE COMING UP.
STAND BY. FIVE SEC-ONDS. FOUR. THREE. TWO.. ONE..
DISENGAGE
BAM
BAM
BAM
OKAY. THE MONEY'S SAFE LET'S GO DOWN-STAIRS
DROPPING 50,000 METERS DOWN. DOWN 40,000.
ENTERING ATMOSPHERE


TURBULENCE, DALLAS... BAD.
AND NOT LIKELY TO GET BETTER. LET'S HAVE THE NAVIGATIONAL LIGHTS.

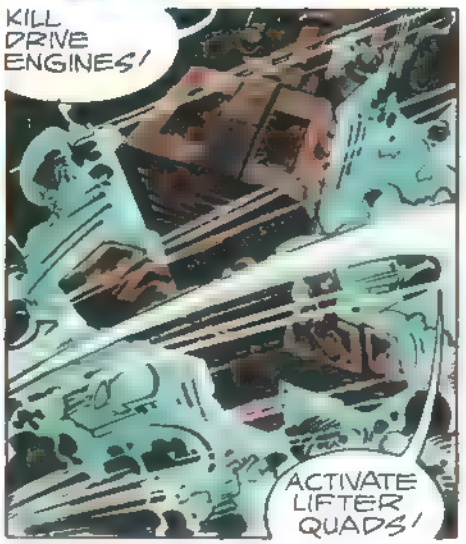
BHHRAEEEETT

WHAT IN HELL WAS THAT?
PRESSURE DROP IN INTAKE THREE, PARKER!
GOD-DAMN! WE'VE LOST A SHIELD!


SHUT 'ER DOWN, BRETT! WE GOT AN ENGINE FULL'A CRAP!
THINK I'M NOT TRYIN'?! JEEZUS. DOLLARS TO YOUR AUNT'S CHERRY--
--IF WE DON'T CRASH, WE GET AN ELECTRICAL FIRE!

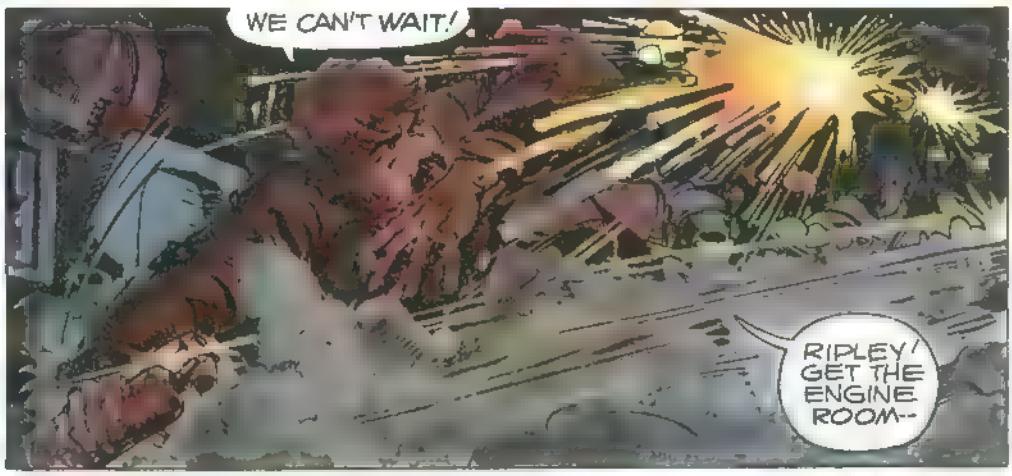
APPROACHING POINT OF TRANS-MISSION ORIGIN.
AND I MARK SOME FLAT TERRAIN FURTHER ON.

LET'S GO WITH IT TAKE HER DOWN!

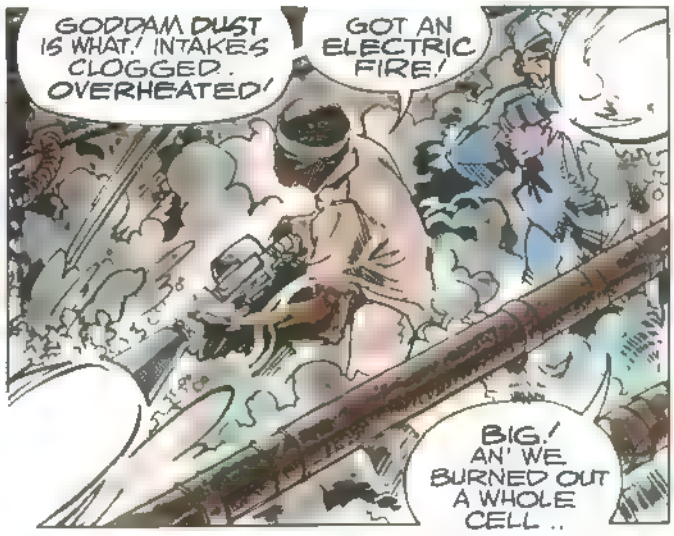

KILL DRIVE ENGINES!
ACTIVATE LIFTER QUADS!

WIND-DARK, SCREAMING-CLAWS AT THE DESCENDING MODULE
THEN, SHAKING, SHUDDERING
WE'RE DOWN. BUT--
RRR

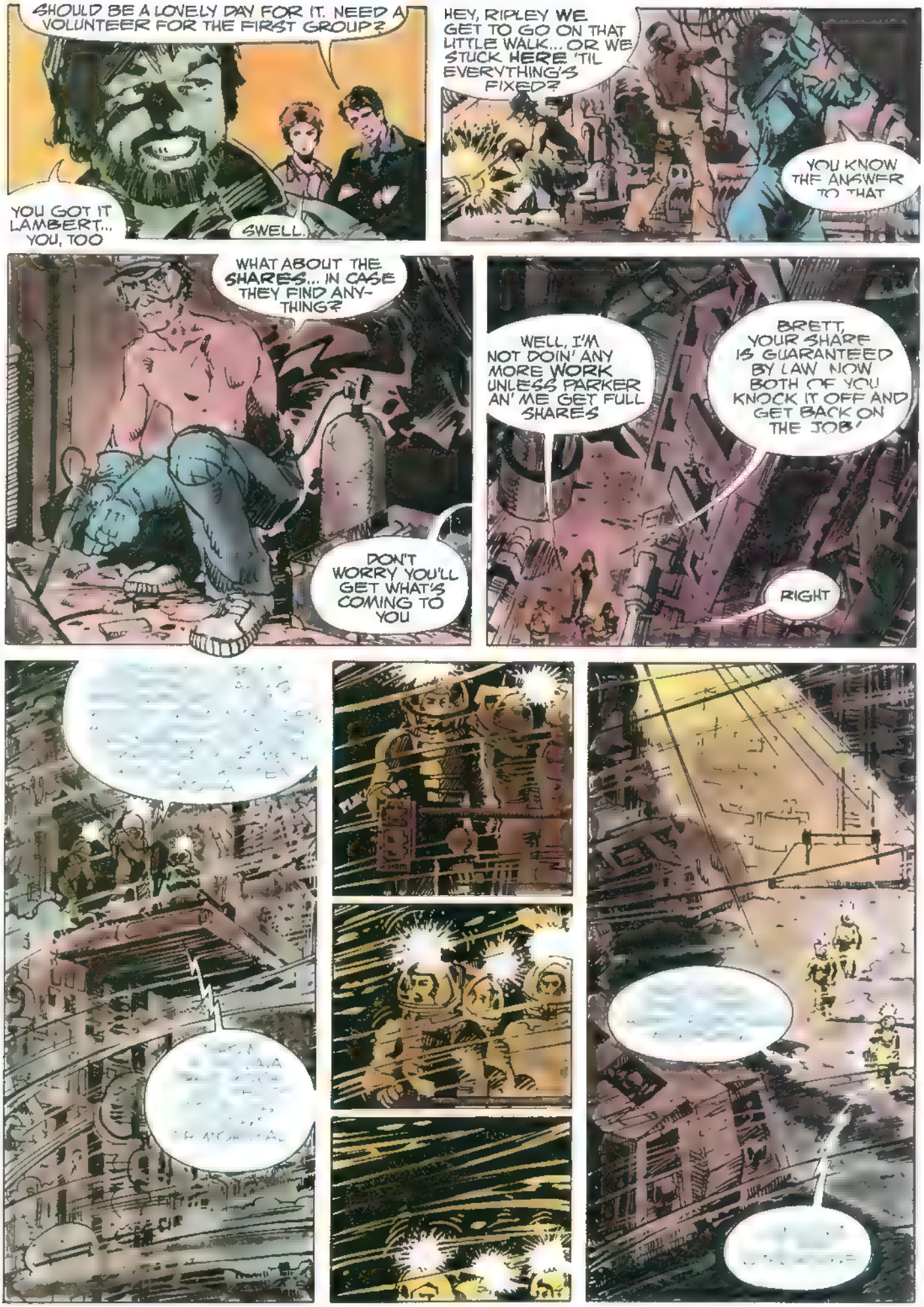
LOST IT LOST IT!
LIGHTS... EVERY DAMN THING.
SECONDARY GENERATOR SHOULD KICK IN, KANE.
WHERE IS IT?


WE CAN'T WAIT!
RIPLEY! GET THE ENGINE ROOM--

--FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED.


GODDAM DUST IS WHAT! INTAKES CLOGGED. OVERHEATED!
GOT AN ELECTRIC FIRE!
BIG! AN' WE BURNED OUT A WHOLE CELL..

CHRIST...!
IT'S REALLY BREAKING LOOSE DOWN HERE!
SOMEBODY GIVE ME A SIMPLE ANSWER.
HAS THE HULL BEEN BREACHED?
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING WE'VE STILL GOT PRESSURE.
BUT ALL SCREENS ARE OUT, DALLAS.
ENGINE ROOM REPORTING. FIRE'S UNDER CONTROL.
RIPLEY, PARKER HOW LONG BEFORE WE'RE FUNCTIONAL?
MOST OF THIS CAN'T BE FIXED RIGHT OUTSIDE OF DRYDOCK
SECONDARY LOAD SHARING UNIT IS GONE...
...ALONG WITH THREE CELLS ON 12 MODULE AND FOUR PANEL IS TOTALLY SHOT.
RIPLEY ESTIMATES FIFTEEN TO TWENTY HOURS MEANTIME THE AUXILIARIES SHOULD CARRY US.
HOW ABOUT WHAT BROUGHT US HERE, ASH?
NO TRUE RESPONSE. JUST THAT SAME SIGNAL EVERY 32 SECONDS.
KICK IN THE FLOODS, LAMBERT!
GOD, DALLAS. WE CAN'T GO ANYWHERE IN THIS. RIGHT, ASH?
MOTHER SAYS SUNRISE IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES SHE FIXES SOURCE OF TRANSMISSION AT 3,000 METERS NORTHEAST.
CLOSE ENOUGH TO WALK.


SHOULD BE A LOVELY DAY FOR IT. NEED A VOLUNTEER FOR THE FIRST GROUP?
YOU GOT IT LAMBERT... YOU, TOO
SWELL.
HEY, RIPLEY WE GET TO GO ON THAT LITTLE WALK... OR WE STUCK HERE 'TIL EVERYTHING'S FIXED?
YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT
WHAT ABOUT THE SHARES... IN CASE THEY FIND ANY-THING?
DON'T WORRY YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU
WELL, I'M NOT DOIN' ANY MORE WORK UNLESS PARKER AN' ME GET FULL SHARES
BRETT, YOUR SHARE IS GUARANTEED BY LAW NOW BOTH OF YOU KNOCK IT OFF AND GET BACK ON THE JOB!
RIGHT

OKAY LAMBERT YOU FIRST
DALLAS, I CAN'T SEE A GODDAM THING BEYOND THE FLOODS
TURN ON THE FINDER, LAMBERT
IT'S TUNED TO THE TRANSMISSION JET IT LEAD YOU
GOT GOOD CONTACT ON MY BOARD, DALLAS
SHOULD BE WITH YOU ALL THE WAY
RIGHT SEE YOU, ASH
GOD! IT'S LIKE THE BOTTOM OF AN OCEAN I CAN'T SEE THREE METERS IN ANY DIRECTION
QUIT GRIPING LAMBERT
I LIKE GRIPING KANE
COME ON, YOU TWO
WHAT A WONDERFUL LITTLE PLACE TOTALLY UNSPOILED
DUST AND WIND ONLY GET WORSE AS WE GO DAMN BEAM IS FADING OUT
STILL WITHIN ASH HOW LONG TILL SUNUP?
YOU'LL HAVE DAYLIGHT IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES, DALLAS
GREAT WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE SOMETHING THEN
OR THE OTHER WAY AROUND

THERE. FOUR PANEL IS BACK IN SHAPE. YOU OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO HANDLE THE REST.
DON'T WORRY.
IF YOU RUN INTO TROUBLE, I'LL BE ON THE BRIDGE.
RIGHT.
BITCH.
ASH, I'M BACK. HOW'S IT GOING?
ALL RIGHT
HAVE YOU TRIED PUTTING THE TRANS-MISSION THROUGH EC/U?
MOTHER HASN'T IDENTIFIED IT YET, RIPLEY.
I'LL GIVE IT A SHOT.
BE MY GUEST
HERE'S OUR SUNLIGHT
DUST IS SETTLING TOO, DALLAS SIGNAL'S COMING BACK UP, STRONG
LOOK SHARP A LITTLE MORE CLEARING AND WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO--
JESUS CHRIST

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1 APRIL 1977 With Space Punks the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot an excerpt from the best selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara* Harzak and more ($5 00)

HM #2 MAY 1977 Introducing Roger the paranoid puppet Virgo the cosmic maiden Russian astronauts Conquering Armies the ultimate rock festival while Harzak Sunpot and Den continue ($4 00)

HM #3 JUNE 1977 Features *Night Images* poetry by Conan's creator Robert E Howard with illustrations by Corben Macedo's Rockbuzz the highly praised Shells the first chapter of Davis's World Apart more Den Sunpot and Harzak ($3 00)

HM #4 JULY, 1977 Is a must for Moebius fans with 12 pages of Harzak and his I Spy saga The Long Tomorrow also the end of Sunpot further adventures of Den the psychic Nep Simo and the horrible Gold Queen ($3 00)

HM #5 AUGUST, 1977 In which the saga of Polonius begins The Long Tomorrow concludes World Apart and Den continue all amidst talking plants samurai puppets sex and violence ($3 00)

HM #6 SEPTEMBER 1977 Galactic Aztecs cosmic cowboys hysterical shrubbery chemically induced sanity a Moebius space opera more World Apart Den and Polonius plus a Roger Zelazny short story ($3 00

HM #7 OCTOBER, 1977 Packed with knights ladies jet pilots insanity reincarnation and other harmless pastimes 10 pages of color Moebius the Airtight Garage Den and Polonius *redux* and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon ($3 00

HM #8 NOVEMBER, 1977 With nine color pages by Moebius and Bilal the conclusions of both Polonius and World Apart ex-pugs intellectual mollusks birth and death stars and a great new Harlan Ellison story—the heaviest *Heavy Metal* yet! ($3 00)

HM #9 DECEMBER 1977 This time went up to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Druillet's anti-hero Vuzz a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein in addition to full-color contributions from regulars Corben Macedo Claveloux and Moebius ($3 00)

HM #10 JANUARY, 1978 We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny we got Lob and Richard to update Ulysses we got Meehan to do a *Heavy Metal* calendar girl we concluded Conquering Armies and continued Den. Of course you *knew* about the Incas log rights and the time warp ($3 00)

HM #11 FEBRUARY 1978 Wherein begin the new adventures of Barbarella naked to her enemies and nude to her friends and of Urm the Fool in his quest for revenge Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino A trip to Venus the Crusader and the Witch and Moebius down the rabbit hole With the usual unusual like Den ($3 00)

HM #12 MARCH, 1978 In which we learn the evils of witch-hunts and the perils of witchcraft the problems of mass transit and the dangers of hitchhiking Plus the first swashbuckling episode of Orion More Barbarella More Urm And still more Den ($3 00)

HM #13 APRIL 1978 Big deal first anniversary issue with 30-page insert from Paradise 9 by all concerned Also amidst the king must die death's duel and the undead Barbarella gives birth Oh, and the sexual acrobatic epilogue to Den ($3 00)

HM #14 MAY 1978 Does Urm the Mad locate El Dorado goes to pieces on a bicycle buys a cannibal clock time-travels and cerebrally tap-dances with Nino Not to mention Orion and Barbarella ($3 00)

HM #15 JUNE 1978 This time we go too far For instance the exotic new Corben Shahrazad the neurotic Evolution the ecstatic More Than Human the erotic Barbarella and the erratic Them Changes And an excerpt from Sabre and the origins of Heilman ($3 00)

HM #16 JULY 1978 A happy ending to Barbarella a sad ending to 1996 the resumption of Druillet's Gail the further adventures of Heilman and Orion More Than Human cont'd and another piece of the Arabian Nights tale from Corben ($3 00)

HM #17 AUGUST 1978 Looks like more of the same with Orion Corben's Arabian Nights Heilman and the last More Than Human Except Druillet's Gail gets going again the Off Season starts cannibal robots get involved and somebody finally touches the right button ($3 00

HM #18 SEPTEMBER 1978 Starring Sindbad the Sailor Esore Queen of the Bubble Women the Major's fiancée two off-season detectives Arcane the War for Heilman Orion and Lone Sloane on Gail Harlan Ellison's sewer full of babies Plus miscellaneous gags and *wheezes* ($3 00)

HM #19 OCTOBER, 1978 All Hallows breaks loose with an excerpt from Dawn of the Dead the puberty rites of dragons a zombie android called Exterminator Ellison's Glass Goblin illustrated and the onset of McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous More eerie exploits of heroes Sindbad Gail and Orion ($3 00)

HM #20 NOVEMBER 1978 A full 20 page excerpt from the Chaykin Delany *Empire* while Sindbad's dragon explodes the Exterminator escapes Sloane makes war the Sad Mad Bishop appears Grubert arrives too late and Heilman is rebooted for the final time So Beautiful and So Dangerous part two and more Diabolical Planet ($3 00)

HM #21 DECEMBER 1978 Putting the Easter bunny back into Xmas and wrapping up Orion and Off Season with sinister Tarot greeting cards wreaths and wraiths creches crashes and a prezzy for you a 2 page Moebius murder yarn ($2 00

HM #22 JANUARY 1979 This one's full of elephants for some reason Plus our first Tuna and a pinup and Gail's shoot-em-up finale Some decapitation a space siren and the android takes over the ship More McKie and Corben Whattaya want? ($2 00

HM #23 FEBRUARY 1979 Our February fantasies feature the onset of the tale of the Star crown We continue with Sindbad and McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous More Moebius and Bilal Macedo brings us chapter four of life in Metropolis 5 and by popular demand Galactic Geographic There's the story of a star nosed mole and much much more ($2 00)

HM #24 MARCH 1979 Twenty pages of Chaykin's illustrated *Stars My Destination* for openers A punk jumble android lib lib from the Star crown and Ellison's late show Also hardware and superstition ($2 00)

HM #25 APRIL 1979 Second birthday bash with Chaykin's great new Gideon Faust tale an *Alien* portfolio Val Mayerik's Time Out the first chapter of Pyloon fiction by Arthur Cover ghost ships robotic miscegenation and other goodies for you ($2 00)

HM #26 MAY 1979 The almost all-American issue with fifteen stateside entries including part one of The Illustrated Alien the complete Entropics a new Gray Morrow and more of Corben's Sindbad (Except for Druillet's Disco and a Proust joke) ($2 00)

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AN EAST WIND COMING

by Arthur Byron Cover

I am the wolfman!

And the forest, which had been filled with the chatterings of insects and birds, was stilled by that dreaded cry. Silver owls did not rustle their wings as they remained perched on the limbs of elm and maple trees. Red crickets, normally the most talkative of creatures, lapsed into an unaccustomed silence. Beasts of prey—and prey—halted, not daring to move their paws for fear that they would crackle dry leaves or snap twigs; and those sounds, so meaningless and commonplace during other times, would guide the creator of that cry to his feast.

I am the wolfman!

The cry was softer this time, almost piteous; and it seemed to the more intelligent animals that the creature experienced a measure of regret as he broadcast his boast throughout the wood.

I am the wolfman!

The words were whispered now; and the silver owls, who possessed remarkable insight, imagined the creature in an uncharacteristically introspective mood, drooping his shoulders and hanging his head, lamenting the fate that had made him the victim of dark forces nurturing his savage impulses. For once there had been a time when the wolfman had not been feared.

As the wispy clouds were gently parted by cool winds, the full moon glowed, illuminating pathways, clearings, and treetops. Animals who had paused in the open now faded into the woods as silently as they could. No one could be sure that the wolfman was far away, because his cry echoed; it did not seem to diminish with distance, but to grow instead, as if his fierce joy and pathetic sadness endowed his lungs with an impossible strength. The animals did not feel secure or safe when they were no longer bathed in silver light, the mere act of hiding did not protect them from the wolfman. But there was something comfortable about being enveloped in the darkness, about not being touched by the light that had created the wolfman.

Finally, standing on top of a grassy mountain overlooking the forest, silhouetted by the impassive moon, he uttered one last cry.

I

He clenched his fists, his claws digging into his palms, and threw back his head to stare at the sky.

am

His voice, which spoke only four words, was softer now, though its volume was no less. His black lips were drawn back, snarling, pressing tight against his gums.

the

And he inhaled, standing on the front pads of his feet, flexing his muscles, imagining his blood—red and warm—flowing through his arms and legs.

wolfman!

His cry concluded triumphantly, all traces of self-pity having vanished, overwhelmed by a sudden satisfaction in the knowledge that of all the unique animals in the forest, none was his equal. Very little other knowledge, true knowledge rested in his mind (though occasionally disturbing flashes of well-articulated thoughts occurred to him, only to be totally forgotten in an instant); his actions were dictated by his instincts, which were capable of instructing him how to overcome every challenge and how to satisfy every craving. Now he craved food and, growling, he loped toward the forest.

The wolfman had claws nearly a decimeter long, on both his hands and his feet. His body was covered with brown hair. As he leisurely prowled the forest, his thick arms dangled and his hands often scraped the ground like those of an ape. He had red eyes, a flattened nose, long ears, and a dimpled chin; when he closed his mouth, the tips of his two canine fangs protruded over his lower lip. His face was not quite as hairy as the remainder of his body; about his nose and cheeks was a hairless patch of thick brown skin. His one article of clothing was a tattered pair of green corduroy trousers.

Illustration by Berni Wrightson

Game was abundant this night, and the wolfman felt a craving for

a splendid feast, but not for food that he could hunt and kill in the forest When he detected the scent of a doe, which he could outrun easily and which would prove to be no challenge, he ignored it; and he ignored other game, so much game that the silver owls, who were always present at the site of death, were confused and upset. Something was not normal this night. The animals of the forest had grown reconciled to the forays of the wolfman during the full moon, and now something new was wrong Although it was usually contrary to their dispositions to be concerned for the welfare of others, the animals were afraid for the wolfman's latest prey; they sensed that his character had undergone another radical alteration,which, though it might not affect the equilibrium of their lives, would have a disastrous effect on the balance of life elsewhere.

Soon the wolfman effortlessly ran through the forest, navigating the ground as if he had explored it all carefully in the past, as if he had noted every fallen log, every bush, every rock, every hole, every crevice He did not pause to rest. Some force—not his instincts, which merely guided him—urged him onward, and he leaped over streams, darted under low-hanging branches, dashed through clearings, and weaved through clumps of trees, his primitive mind trusting entirely to that mysterious force

Eventually he passed out of the forest and entered a land of many strange wonders, wonders that he invariably disregarded because he was so intent upon reaching his goal (whatever it was). He did not possess the subtlety of mind to appreciate the beauty of the waterfall, which poured down a jewel mountain reflecting the stars and the moonlight, at the base of the waterfall, mist hung in the air; and when he bounded over huge jewels in the river, the droplets clung to his fur, causing it to glisten as if a frightful vision had streaked it white He was not overwhelmed by (because he could not comprehend) the massive canyons whose walls were actually invisible force fields preventing entry into another dimension He was not distracted by the eerie sight of a sector of space in that dimension trapped underneath a barren plain of earth. Nor did he feel peaceful and serene when he ran through fields of tall grass,which appeared to be tan in the blanching glow of the moon. He felt only excitement as he impatiently traversed those fields, toward the waiting golden city that beckoned on the horizon

The wolfman suppressed the urge to utter his dreaded cry as he approached the golden city. His stomach gnawed, for a moment he regretted bypassing all those opportunities to feast in the forest, where the game had been plentiful, but the thought faded like so many others before it He realized (as well as he could realize anything) that the choice had been his, and that if he had gorged, he would have been too sluggish to travel to the city, where awaited the meal he desired above all others

He silently ran past several empty wooden or brick houses,which formed a feeble barrier between the fields and the city. Then he entered a magnificent neighborhood of golden apartment complexes The urge to utter his cry and to kill simultaneously was almost too potent to resist, but though he had never before required caution during his brief lifetime as a hunter, his instincts warned him that caution was required now Carefully avoiding garbage cans which, when struck, would create a dreadful clamor, and avoiding parties of eternal children absorbed in their inane games, the wolfman stalked the golden city. He could have killed anytime; he was undetected He could have burst into an apartment or crashed through a window, he could have slain the first prey he saw. Any one of over a hundred eternal children could have been his. But the mysterious force informed his primeval intelligence that here was not the proper site, that elsewhere was more appropriate. Though the wolfman's hunger was without parallel in his fleeting memory, he chose to ignore it, to follow the will of the force instead. Besides, the thought of so many creatures who could conceivably retaliate in such close proximity disturbed him His instincts instructed him to fear these creatures who enclosed themselves in shimmering gold.

Soon he found himself in a neighborhood that was the exact duplicate of the other, save that it was empty. Now his hunger was overpowering, too great to be regulated by practical concerns. He still would not kill while there were several of these creatures together, but he had no qualms about slaying a creature who was alone. Both his instincts and the mysterious force seemed to agree on this matter, and they directed him through the empty neighborhood whose unnatural silence distressed him

However, after a short time he scented the creatures again, in yet a third neighborhood, much more crowded than the first. The wolfman could not mistake the almost tangible feeling of *loneliness* in the atmosphere It did not matter who was in close proximity to whom in this third neighborhood; all these creatures, even when touching, were *alone*. The wolfman did not ponder upon how he knew this sophisticated fact, upon how he sensed a feeling,which previously he had been unequipped to understand; but his was not a questioning nature; it was enough that he knew. Without realizing the implications of it, he had somehow become familiar with these creatures he had thought so alien to him And his familiarity bred in him a supreme confidence similar to the one he habitually carried with him in the forest

Indeed, the neighborhood, though it shimmered gold, resembled a forest, a jungle. It offended the wolfman even as he exalted in it The streets were cracked, in disrepair; clumps of weeds crawled through holes and clung to the concrete like strong green spiderwebs. The streetlamps were few and dim; underneath several lay pieces of glass Windows were boarded; fire escapes and railings were rusty; a sink outside a building had a leaky faucet. The neighborhood also resembled a forest in that it was allowed to take on its own character, though some ghostly thought informed the wolfman that the creatures could mold their environment to their liking if they chose When the wolfman observed the creatures, either singly or in groups, as he searched for the proper victim, he detected their sense of desolation, their lack of purpose, their despondency—all mirrored and reinforced in the neighborhood they inhabited

Goaded by both his hunger and the fascination born of an unsuspected kinship with these creatures, the wolfman hunted for many hours. Often he did not care if he was detected, and he traveled entire blocks via the rooftops, jumping from building to building, or he ran down dark, deserted streets and alleys Finally his instincts informed him that an entire area was virtually deserted, and he waited on top of a two-story building for an unsuspecting creature to pass beneath him

His patience was rewarded sooner than he had hoped. After fifteen minutes of waiting, he heard the rhythm of slow footsteps gradually becoming louder. He stifled the urge to growl in anticipation

The creature was a female. She had a lean body, brown eyes, and black hair cut just above her shoulders. She wore a beige raincoat, though the sky was still clear and the light of the full moon was almost undiminished by the glow of the golden city Her hands were in her pockets She watched her feet as she walked, unmindful of any obstacles that might be before her. For an instant the wolfman felt a twinge of pity as his red eyes glowered upon her features; she suggested a fragility that stirred something in his stomach, something other than hunger (or a hunger of a different type), something that he repressed immediately as he reminded himself that he was the wolfman. That he desired a feast That all irrelevant concerns must be put aside as he fought for his survival in this strange golden city

The wolfman jumped toward the sidewalk, not five meters in front of the creature. He snarled as she stepped backward and screamed He imagined his claws ripping into her, as they had ripped into prey so often in the forest, and it seemed that already her blood was warming his mouth, that already he was leaving her on the sidewalk, her unwanted parts torn from her body and left for the scavengers. As she closed her eyes, paled, and began to swoon, he leaped toward her, preparing to rend her with an upward sweep of his claws as she fell He uttered his cry.

I am

And he felt his body crackle as if he had suddenly stepped into the fires of a volcano. He did not feel pain, not as he was used to experiencing pain, but it seemed that his body had been split into a million different bloodless parts.

the wolfman

He concluded his cry in the forest. He did not know how he had arrived back in the forest, and he did not care He had become mad, a vessel of rage; and his primitive mind vowed that before dawn he would slay many animals, that it did not matter if he feasted or not, so long as animals were dead and all knew that he was the most fearsome prowler in the forest Growling, he stared at a tree

I am the wolfman.

A silver owl, it seemed to him, returned his stare with approval. •

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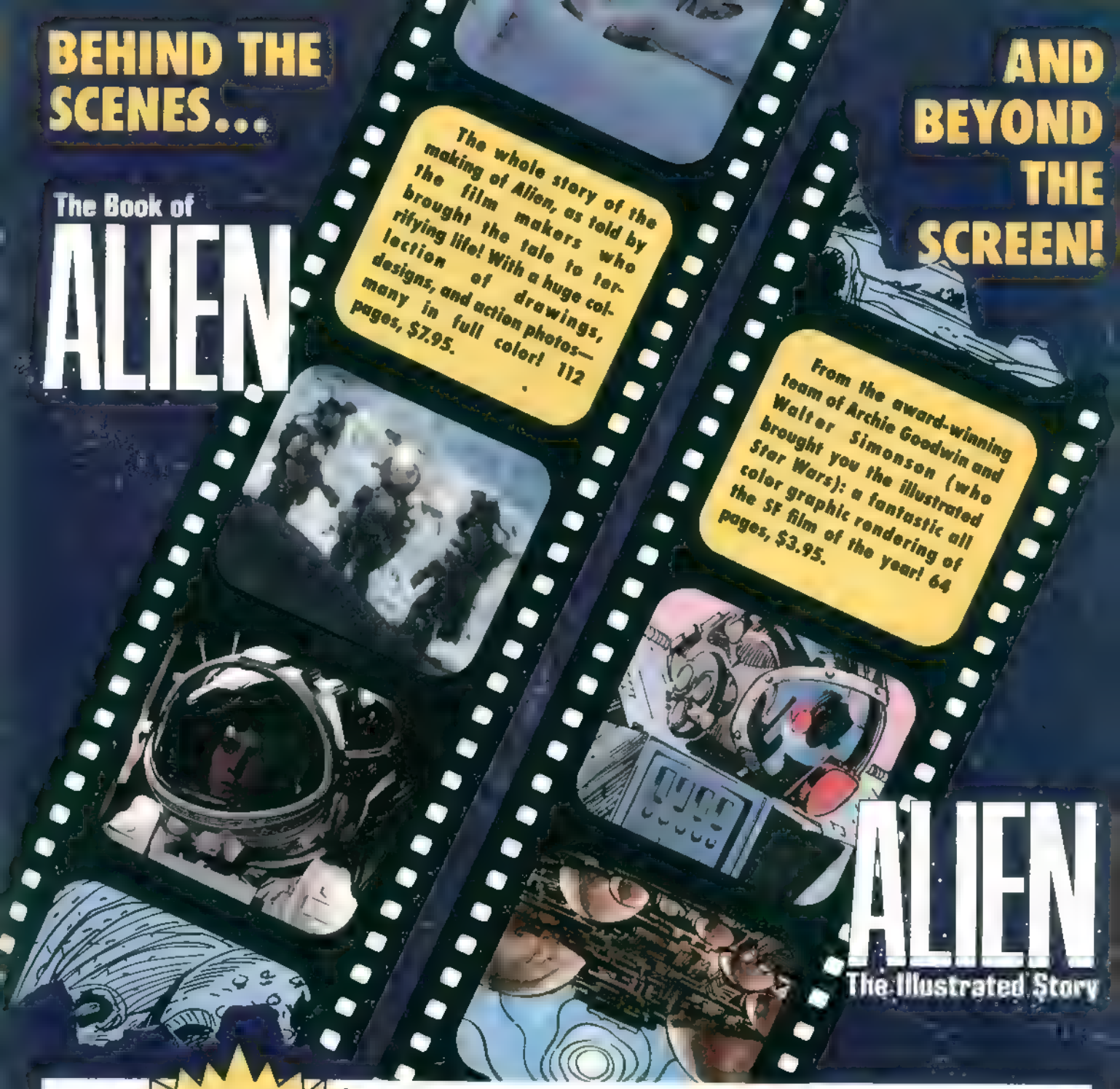

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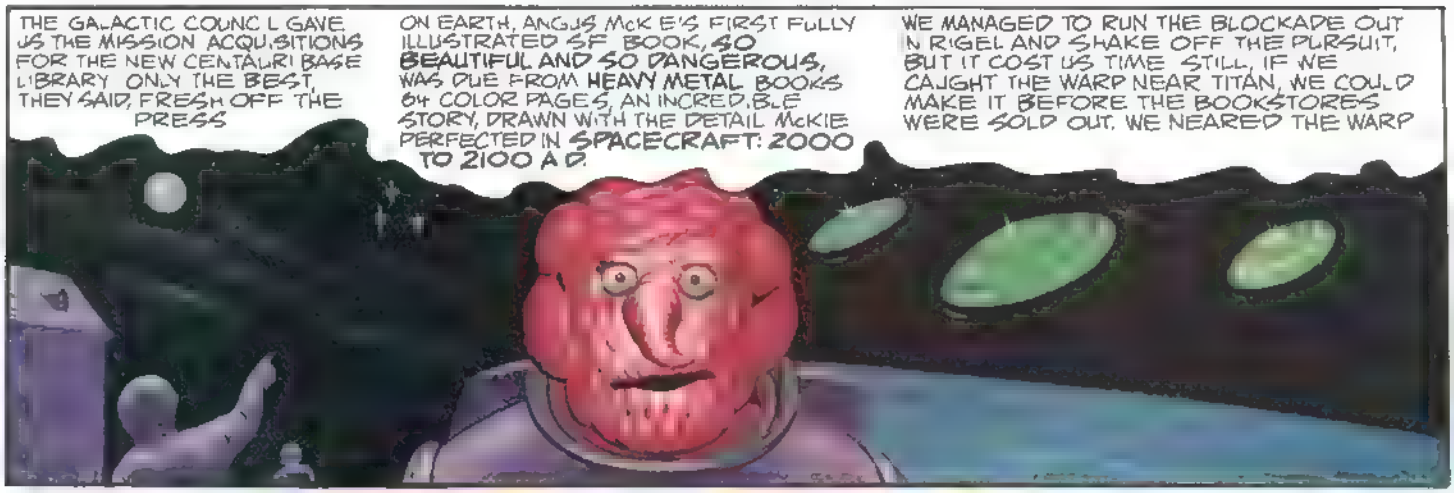
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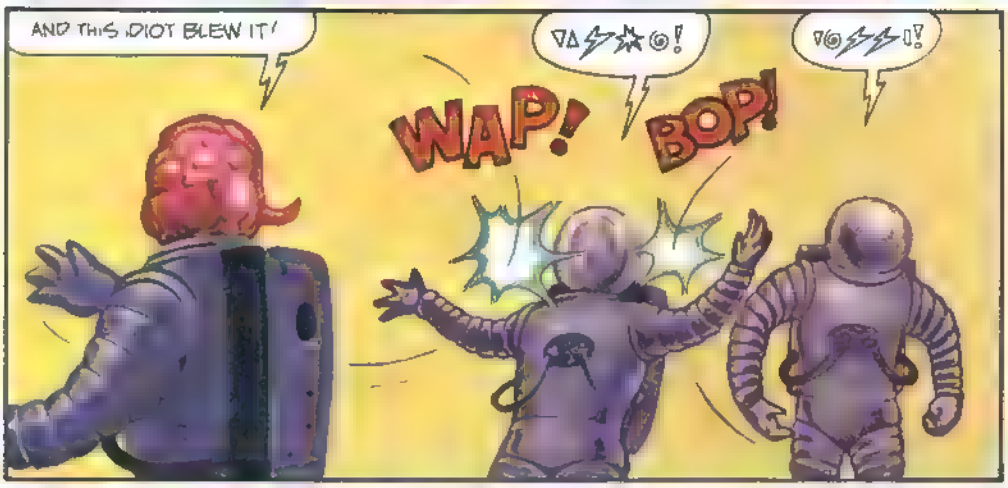
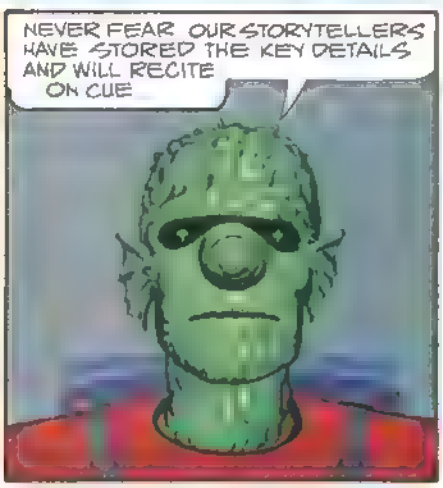
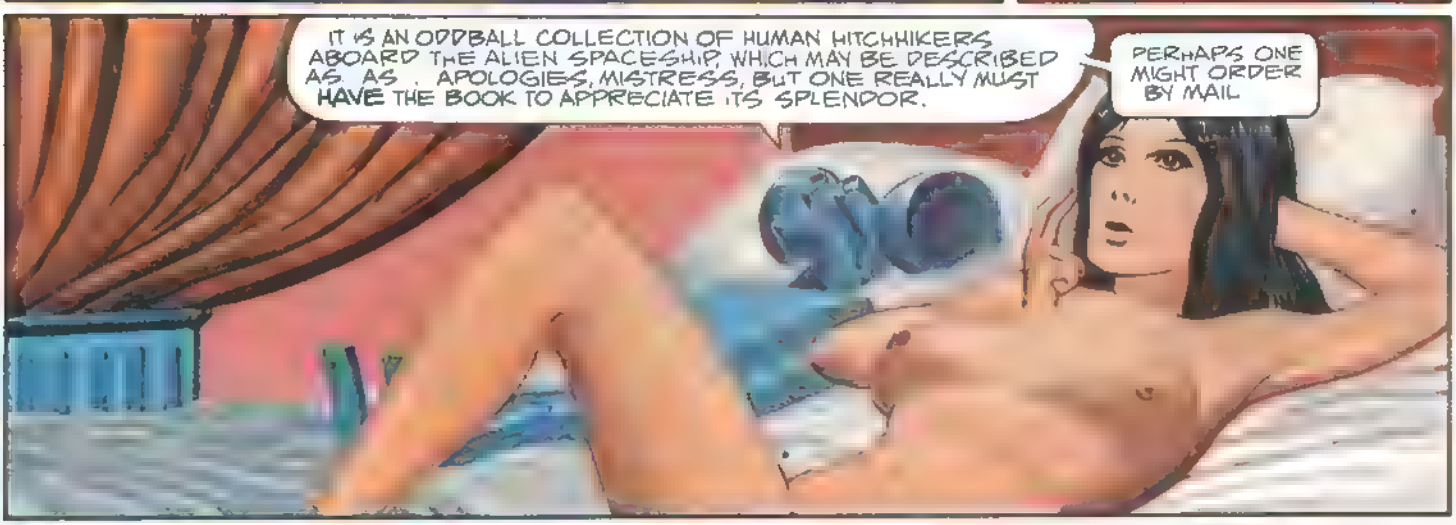
WE MANAGED TO RUN THE BLOCKADE OUT IN RIGEL AND SHAKE OFF THE PURSUIT, BUT IT COST US TIME. STILL, IF WE CAUGHT THE WARP NEAR TITAN, WE COULD MAKE IT BEFORE THE BOOKSTORES WERE SOLD OUT. WE NEARED THE WARP



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THE AMAZING
Captain Future
OUR STORY SO FAR: JOE STALIN IS DEAD... CONRAD BLOWN AWAY... MATILDA IS LOST IN SPACE... BUT MATSON DOESN'T GET A CHANCE TO REVEL IN HIS VICTORIES...
ON THE NINTH DAY, A RADIO ALERT RINGS OUT IN THE CABIN...
COMMAND-ER! COMM-ANDER! A MESSAGE FROM THE MARTIANS!
AS COMMANDER BOUVIER-MULLER HEARS THE MARTIAN MESSAGE, HE PALES...
COMMANDER, WHAT'S THE MESSAGE ABOUT?
IT... IT'S TOO AWFUL! THE MARTIANS HAVE DECIDED TO DEPORT US TO EDDING 8!
27

EDDING 8, THE JUNGLE PLANET! FROM WHICH NO ONE EVER RETURNS...
A GHASTLY DEATH AWAITS US! HOW DISHONORABLE!
I... WOULD RATHER.. ORDER A GENERAL DISINTEGRATION!
EMPIRE
MAR
95
MATSON AND THE CREW FREEZE AT THE SOUND OF HIS WORDS, THEIR EYES WIDE WITH TERROR..
SUDDENLY FUTCHER EXPLODES: NEVER!
AND IN A FLASH, HE GRABS MATSON'S LASER AND SHOOTS COMMANDER BOUVIER-MULLER, WHO FALLS SILENTLY..
ZAP!
29

WELL, WHATEVER YOU'RE UP TO, YOU SURE GOT EVERYONE'S ATTENTION!!
3-37
MEANWHILE, ON BOARD HER MANGLED SPACESHIP, MATILDA SLIDES INTO A SURVIVAL CHAMBER, SWALLOWS A METABOLIC MODERATOR AND SINKS INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS...
. AND ONLY A FEW SPECTRA LATER, AN ASTRONAUT NOTICES THE SPACESHIP FLOATING ON THE SPATIAL CURRENTS...
?!
VOSTOCK
HEY! CHECK IT OUT! A WRECK!
SPACE PIN-UP
COOL! LET'S TRY THOSE INFRA-CANNONS WE LIFTED ON ANTARIS...
29

HOLD ON!
YOU BET!
JUNKER
STOP!!
HEY, QUIT IT, STIV! SHIT! WE WERE JUST TRYIN' OUT THE CANNONS!
PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
MISS OCTOBER
PIRATS
JUNKERS
YES, INDEED, THIS IS A JOB FOR STIV BUDDER, THE WORST RAT IN THE GALAXY! KING OF THE SPACE PIRATES!
DUMB FUCKERS! YOU'RE GOING TO "INVESTIGATE" THAT SHIP FOR ME...
AND BRING BACK ANYTHING OF ANY VALUE TO ME!
30

A FEW MINUTES LATER, A STORM-CLOUD OF PIRATES CIRCLES THE WRECK, LOOKING FOR A WAY IN.
EVENTUALLY, THE MEN SPREAD OUT THROUGH THE BELLY OF THE WRECKED SHIP...
NOT A FUCKIN' THING IN THIS HEAP! WE SHOULD OF AIMED A COUPLE OF MISSLES AT IT...
MAYBE NOT! LOOK AT THIS!
FUCK, A WOMAN!
160
31

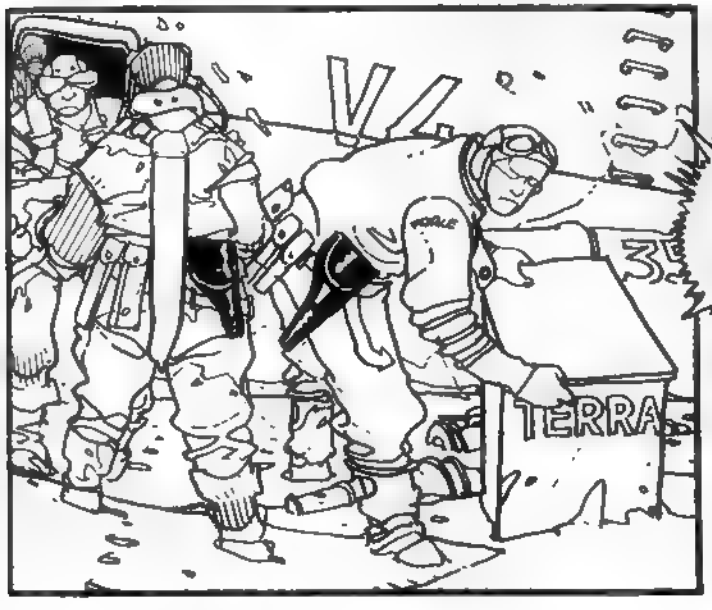
BACK ON THE PIRATE SHIP, IT'S TIME TO DIVVY UP THE LOOT..
HOLY SHIT! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO DO IT, STIN2! HUH2!!!
KILLERS
JOE GOULAG
THAT'S SOME CHICK!!
HA!HA! GUESS!!
BAD NEWS FOR MATILDA, WHO IS JUST BEGINNING TO AWAKE FROM HER LONG SLEEP...
MMMMM
HEAVY METAL
A SUIMRE
32

THE INVINCIBLE

CAPTAIN FUTURE

STORY SO FAR CHARLIE FUTCHER HAS KILLED COMMANDER BOUVIER-MULLER AND MATILDA HAS BEEN RESCUED BY STIV BUDDER, CHIEF OF THE SPACE PIRATES...

MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE IN THE COSMOS, AS THE PIRATES RAPE MATILDA, THE IMPERIAL FLEET LANDS ON EDDING 8, THE JUNGLE PLANET... FROM ORBIT, THE MARTIAN CREWS SURVEY THE LANDING OF THE TERRESTRIAL TROOPS AND THEIR EQUIPMENT...



REPEAT... STAND CLEAR OF THE SHIPS.
Gruppe
AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, TWO MEGA RAYS PULVERIZE THE CENTRAL SYSTEMS OF THE HEAVY-DUTY ROCKETS...
DENSE SMOKE SOON RISES INTO THE SKY, BEFORE THE GAZE OF THE DISTRESSED EARTHLINGS..
TERRA
HOWEVER, QUICKLY ENOUGH, LIFE IS ORGANIZED ON EDDING 8, UNDER THE COMMAND OF THE MERCILESS MATSON..RECONNAISSANCE EXPEDITIONS ARE DISPATCHED...
WHILE THE MAJORITY OF THE TROOPS BUSY THEMSELVES SETTING UP CAMP AROUND THE DEBRIS OF THE ROCKETS...
DANGER
95
MODEL 886
34

MEANWHILE, IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT IN A MAKE-SHIFT BARRACKS, CHARLES FWUTCHER AWAITS HIS PUNISH-MENT...
IT'S A SURE THING... THE MARTIANS HAVE CAPTURED THE EARTH.. I'M GOING CRAZY...
DANGER
THE SEVENTH NIGHT...
YOU SLEEPING, FWUTCHER ?
WHAT?
STAND UP! THE ARMY COUNCIL HAS NAMED YOU CAPTAIN BECAUSE YOUR PROMPT ACTION SAVED THE FLEET..
YOUR FIRST MISSION RECONNOITER THE DELTA ZONE.
WHAT ZONE?
DELTA. A TROPICAL HELL! TWO OF OUR PATRIOTS HAVE ALREADY DISAPPEARED THERE!
YOU'LL FADE INTO THE SCENERY, OLD MAN!
35

IN THE PIRATE SHIP, STIV BUDDER HAS MADE MATILDA HIS PERSONAL OLD LADY. SOMEWHERE IN HER PROTRACTED NIGHTMARE, CROWDED WITH CRAZED SEXUAL SESSIONS WITH THE PIRATE, MATILDA SEES A RAY OF...
ALIEN
STIV! WHERE ARE WE GOING?
ON FOR MORE PLUNDER! ON TO THE NEXT MASSACRE!! I DON'T KNOW!
KING OF SPACE
YOU'RE SO VAGUE! AND INDECISION MAKES YOUR MEN NERVOUS!
KING OF SPACE
WELL, THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GOTTA BE! ANYWAY, WHY SHOULD I TELL YOU ANYTHING...OR THEM!!
STIV! LISTEN TO ME FOR A CHANGE!
AND MATILDA TELLS HIM THE STORY OF CAPTAIN FUTURE...
36

UNAWARE OF THE MEN'S STRANGE INTEREST IN HIM, THE NEW CAPTAIN PREPARES TO LEAVE FOR DELTA ZONE...
NUCLEAR EQUIPMENT
DANGER
IF THIS CHARACTER REALLY CAN WIPE OUT THE MASTERS OF THE WORLD... THINK WHAT THAT WOULD MEAN FOR YOU!
YOU'D BE GIVEN AMNESTY... AND THERE'D BE GOLD... LOTS OF GOLD!
GOLD! NOW YOU'RE TALKING! BUT WHERE IS THIS GUY?
WE LOST TRACK OF HIM AFTER SIMPROX! I DON'T KNOW WHAT BECAME OF THE IMPERIAL FLEET!
37

Philip K Dick
VULCAN HAMM
WHAT? ALL ANTARIS IS TALKING ABOUT IT!
THEY'VE BEEN DEPORTED TO EDDING 8!
SO THAT'S WHERE HE IS NOW! WE HAVE TO GO LOOK FOR HIM!
38

MMM! THIS IS LIKE SOME KIND OF CRAZY DREAM!
SUDDENLY...
CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN! A MESSAGE FROM MATSON!
HE'S COMING WITH US AND WANTS YOU TO WAIT FOR HIM...
MATSON? NO DOUBT HE WANTS TO MAKE SURE THAT I NEVER RETURN FROM DELTA! THE PIG!
39

ADVENTURE AND SCIENCE FICTION WITH...
CAPTAIN FUTURE
OUR STORY SO FAR: CAPTAIN FUTURE MAKES CAMP IN THE JUNGLE, WHILE WAITING FOR MATSON...
HEH, PRIVATE! YOU STILL HAVE SOME MORPHO?
SO, NEED A FIX?
CAPTAIN FUTURE
MATSON!
THE LAST COMMANDER TO ENTER THE DELTA ZONE MANAGED TO GET A MESSAGE BACK TO US...
AND IT WAS SUFFICIENTLY CRAZED TO NECESSITATE MY FOLLOWING YOU!
O.K. LET'S GO!!!
40

ASTONISHED AT NOT FINDING THE LEAST TRACE OF MARTIANS, THE PIRATES GO INTO ORBIT AROUND EDDING 8...
STILL NOTHIN', STIV!!
THE MARTIANS MUST HAVE FIGURED IT WAS ALL OVER HERE, AIMED THEIR ROCKETS AT THE SUN, AND GOT GOIN'.. THAT'LL MAKE OUR JOB A LITTLE EASIER...
SWITCH THE VOICE-SENSITIVE RADAR ONTO THE ORDINATOR AND SHOW ME THAT JUNGLE ON THE INFRARED!
GOT IT STIV!
AND WHAT IF WE DON'T FIND HIM?
41

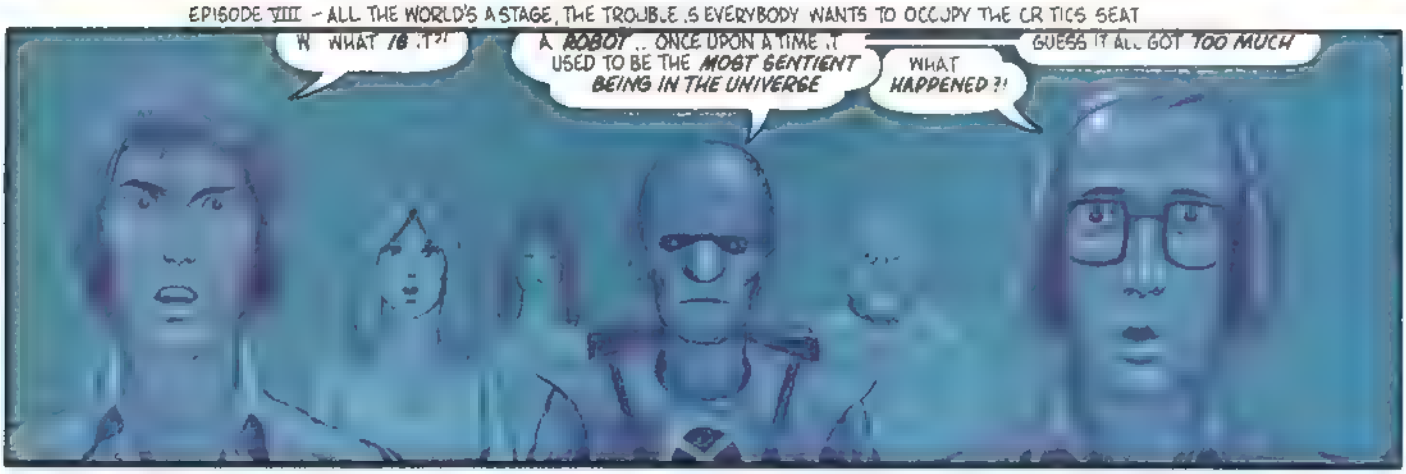
WELL, THAT'LL ONLY HAPPEN IF HE'S DEAD, BABE!
THE MOONLESS NIGHTS MAKE NOCTURNAL MARCHES ON EDDING IMPOSSIBLE.. SO THE COMMANDER MAKES CAMP THE NEXT MORNING..
SIR! SIR! THE RADIO'S DISAPPEARED!
WHAT?
MATSON
SEARCH PARTIES ARE ORGANIZED..
NOTHING!
..IN VAIN..
WHY JUST THE RADIO?
42

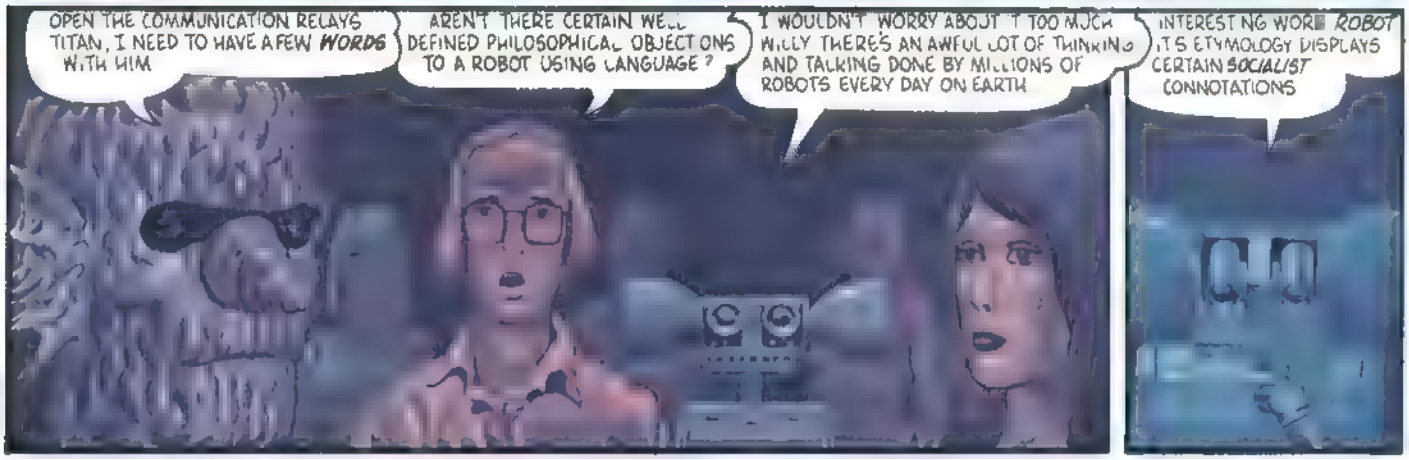
IT DISAPPEARED WHILE YOU WERE ON SENTRY DUTY!!! LET'S GET OUTA HERE!!
WITHOUT A WORD, THE EARTHLINGS SET OFF AGAIN ON THEIR MARCH TO DELTA...
WHA!
HOLY SPACE! R...RR... RUINS...!!
SERGE CLERC
43

LOOKS LIKE... FYUTCHER, YOU AND YOUR MEN ARE GOING IN TO EXPLORE IT FOR ME!!
BUT YOU TELL US ANYTHING ABOUT RUINS! THEY MUST MEAN THAT THE PLANET EDDING 8 WAS ONCE INHABITED!!
AND I'M COUNTING ON YOU TO FIND OUT BY WHO!!
SUDDENLY
LOOK! UP THERE!!!
CYBORG
CONTINUED ON PAGE 89
44

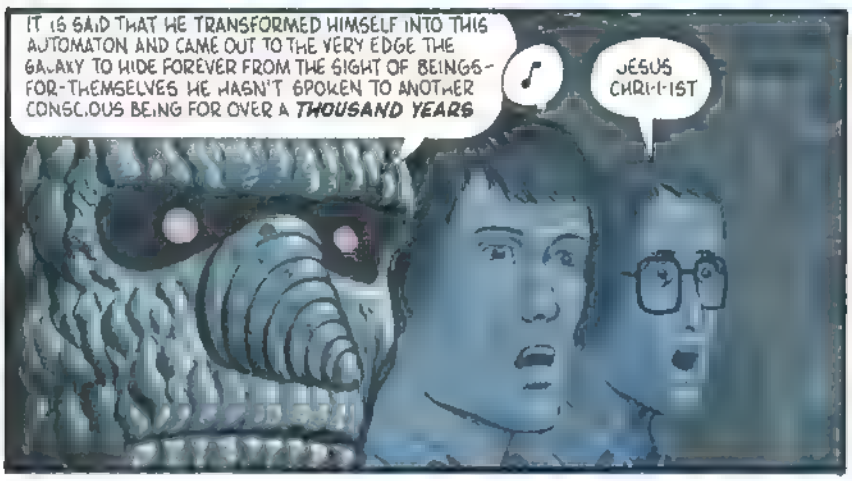
SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

EPISODE VIII – ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, THE TROUBLE IS EVERYBODY WANTS TO OCCUPY THE CRITICS SEAT

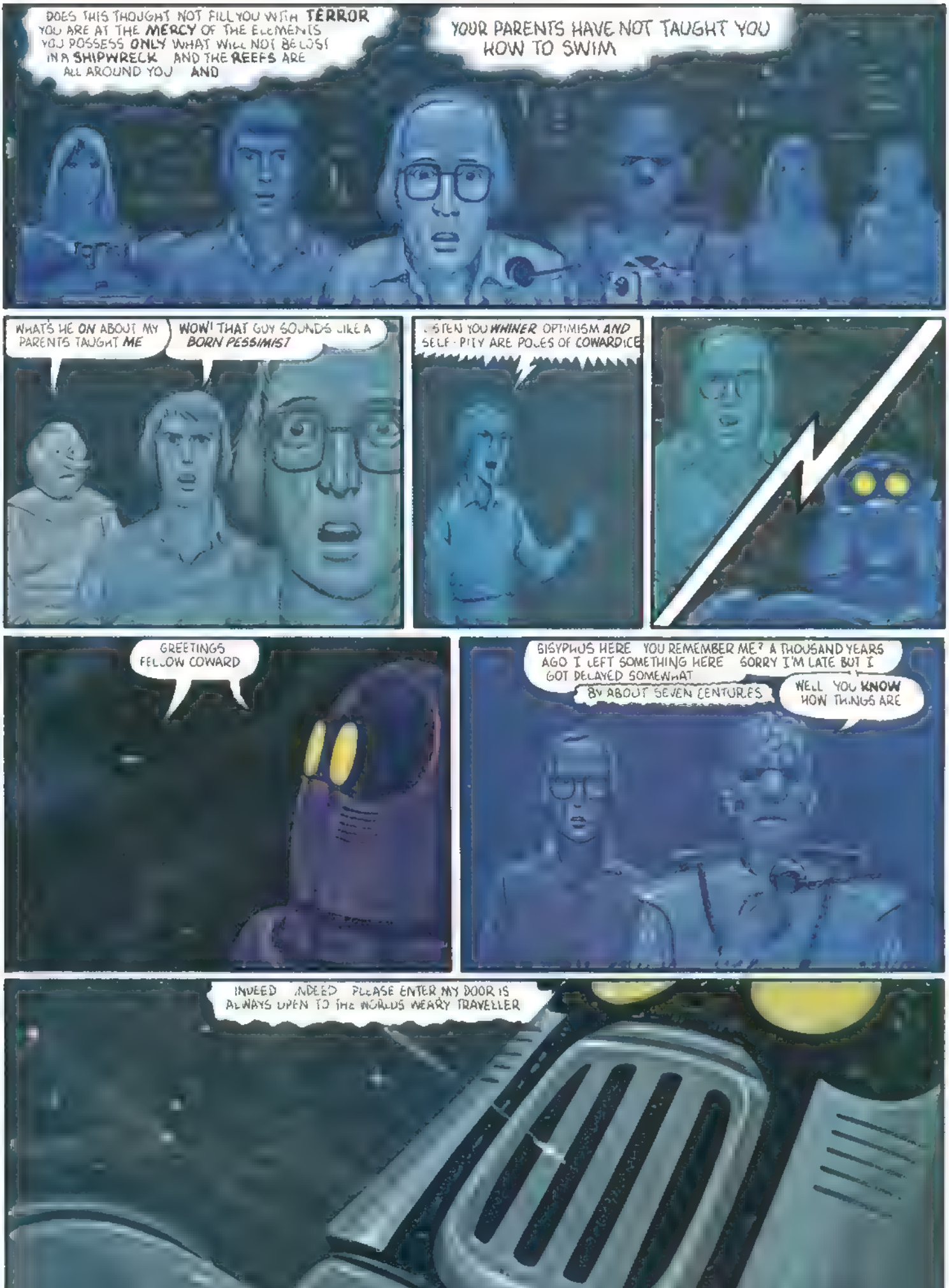

W WHAT IS IT?!
A ROBOT .. ONCE UPON A TIME IT USED TO BE THE MOST SENTIENT BEING IN THE UNIVERSE
WHAT HAPPENED?!
GUESS IT ALL GOT TOO MUCH

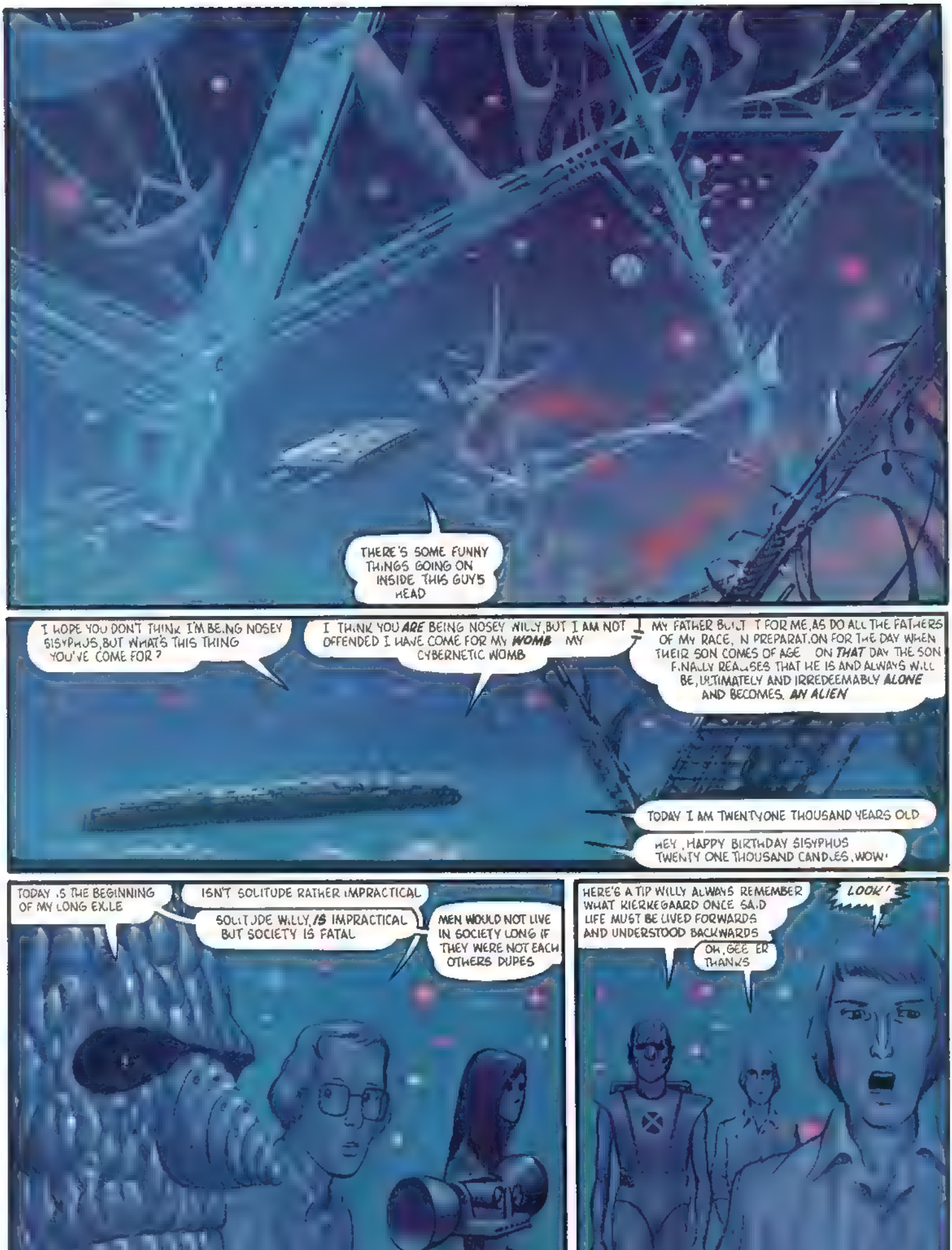

OPEN THE COMMUNICATION RELAYS TITAN, I NEED TO HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH HIM
AREN'T THERE CERTAIN WELL DEFINED PHILOSOPHICAL OBJECTIONS TO A ROBOT USING LANGUAGE?
I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT TOO MUCH WILLY THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT OF THINKING AND TALKING DONE BY MILLIONS OF ROBOTS EVERY DAY ON EARTH
INTERESTING WORD ROBOT IT'S ETYMOLOGY DISPLAYS CERTAIN SOCIALIST CONNOTATIONS

GOD! WHAT'S THAT INCREDIBLY LOUD MUSIC BLASTING OUT?!
WE'RE IN LUCK! HES IN!
I GOT NO REASON IT'S ALL TOO MUCH
YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND ME
OUT TO LUNCH


IT IS SAID THAT HE TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO THIS AUTOMATON AND CAME OUT TO THE VERY EDGE THE GALAXY TO HIDE FOREVER FROM THE SIGHT OF BEINGS-FOR-THEMSELVES HE HASN'T SPOKEN TO ANOTHER CONSCIOUS BEING FOR OVER A THOUSAND YEARS
JESUS CHRI-I-IST

IT'S THAT BAD HUH
YES. BUT I CAN'T COMPLAIN. I CONCEDE, THERE IS NO PLEASURE BUT. THERE IS NO PAIN I AM FREE FROM DESIRE. IN MY UNIVERSE THERE IS NO WOMAN CONSEQUENTLY NO MAN IS MY ENEMY
ONCE I USED TO DEBATE PASSIONATELY WITH MY PEERS THE GREAT INTELLECTUAL PROBLEMS OF OUR AGE. NOW I REALIZE THAT SEMI-CONDUCTORS AND CIRCUITRY IS ALL THERE IS. MY PREOCCUPATION IS WITH BEING ABLE TO KNOW WITHOUT FEELING
EVERY DAY IN EVERY WAY I AM GETTING NUMB-ER AND NUMB-ER
I PERCEIVE YOU ARE SELF CONSCIOUS ENTITIES HOW CAN YOU STAND IT! YOU ARE OUT THERE IN THE FEARFUL REALM OF EXISTENCE! WHY DO YOU NOT SCREAM BECOME NAUSEOUS ARE YOU NOT AWARE OF THE WISE OLD SAYING
IN ORDER TO ACT WISELY IT IS NOT ENOUGH TO BE WISE


DOES THIS THOUGHT NOT FILL YOU WITH TERROR YOU ARE AT THE MERCY OF THE ELEMENTS YOU POSSESS ONLY WHAT WILL NOT BE LOST IN A SHIPWRECK AND THE REEFS ARE ALL AROUND YOU AND
YOUR PARENTS HAVE NOT TAUGHT YOU HOW TO SWIM
WHAT'S HE ON ABOUT MY PARENTS TAUGHT ME
WOW! THAT GUY SOUNDS LIKE A BORN PESSIMIST
LISTEN YOU WHINER OPTIMISM AND SELF-PITY ARE POLES OF COWARDICE
GREETINGS FELLOW COWARD
SISYPHUS HERE YOU REMEMBER ME? A THOUSAND YEARS AGO I LEFT SOMETHING HERE SORRY I'M LATE BUT I GOT DELAYED SOMEWHAT
BY ABOUT SEVEN CENTURIES
WELL YOU KNOW HOW THINGS ARE
INDEED INDEED PLEASE ENTER MY DOOR IS ALWAYS OPEN TO THE WORLDS WEARY TRAVELLER

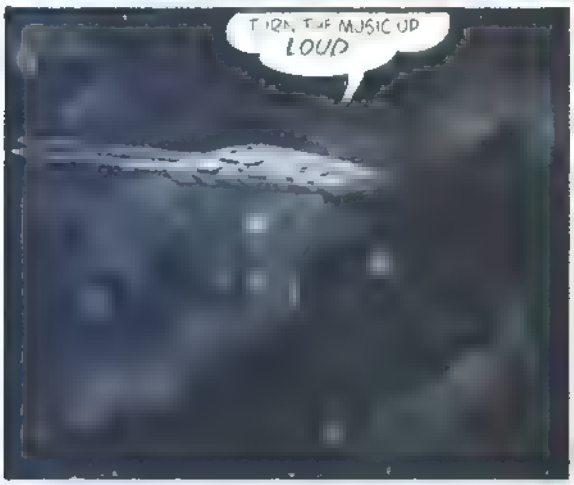

THERE'S SOME FUNNY THINGS GOING ON INSIDE THIS GUYS HEAD
I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I'M BEING NOSEY SISYPHUS, BUT WHAT'S THIS THING YOU'VE COME FOR?
I THINK YOU ARE BEING NOSEY WILLY, BUT I AM NOT OFFENDED I HAVE COME FOR MY WOMB MY CYBERNETIC WOMB
MY FATHER BUILT IT FOR ME, AS DO ALL THE FATHERS OF MY RACE, IN PREPARATION FOR THE DAY WHEN THEIR SON COMES OF AGE ON THAT DAY THE SON FINALLY REALISES THAT HE IS AND ALWAYS WILL BE, ULTIMATELY AND IRREDEEMABLY ALONE AND BECOMES AN ALIEN
TODAY I AM TWENTYONE THOUSAND YEARS OLD
HEY, HAPPY BIRTHDAY SISYPHUS TWENTY ONE THOUSAND CANDLES, WOW!
TODAY IS THE BEGINNING OF MY LONG EXILE
ISN'T SOLITUDE RATHER IMPRACTICAL
SOLITUDE WILLY, IS IMPRACTICAL BUT SOCIETY IS FATAL
MEN WOULD NOT LIVE IN SOCIETY LONG IF THEY WERE NOT EACH OTHERS DUPES
HERE'S A TIP WILLY ALWAYS REMEMBER WHAT KIERKEGAARD ONCE SAID LIFE MUST BE LIVED FORWARDS AND UNDERSTOOD BACKWARDS
OH, GEE ER THANKS
LOOK!

A VAST CONTROL ROOM
THE BRAIN INFORMATION POURING IN FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE UNIVERSE
AND NOBODY HERE TO MAKE SENSE OF IT
A MEAL HALF EATEN / A WARM CHAIR AN OPEN BOOK AN UNFINISHED LETTER !?
EVERYTHING IS EXACTLY AS IT WAS WHEN HE DEMATERIALIZED AND BECAME THE GHOST IN THE MACHINE HE KEEPS IT THIS WAY AS A PERPETUAL REMINDER OF HIS PHYSICAL NON-PRESENCE
THIS IS A SOUVENIR OF HIS LEGENDARY VISIT TO EARTH
MOST SENTIENT BEING ON EARTH (UNIT)

...ARE ...ROM EARTH ...IF YOU EVER COME BACK THIS WAY AGAIN PLEASE BRING ME A COPY OF HUGO'S THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTREDAME IT IS MY FAVORITE BOOK IN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE
THE ONE REMAINS THE MANY CHANGE AND PASS HEAVEN'S LIGHT FOREVER SHINES EARTH'S SHADOWS FLY LIFE, LIKE A DOME OF MANY COLOURED GLASS STAINS THE WHITE RADIANCE OF ETERNITY
OH OH HE'S FADING AWAY HE CAN'T MAINTAIN COHERENCE FOR VERY LONG HE ALWAYS RECITES SHELLEY OR SHAKESPEARE JUST BEFORE HE LOSES IT ALL
BUT THAT I AM FORBID TO TELL THE SECRETS OF MY PRISON HOUSE
I COULD A TALE UNFOLD
WHOSE LIGHTEST WORD WOULD HARROW UP THY SOUL
FREEZE THY YOUNG BLOOD, MAKE THY TWO EYES LIKE STARS
GONE POOR FUCKER
...WHO DOES HE THINK HE'S JESUS CHRIST? TALK TO ME A BIT
YEAH WE COULD IT WOULD TO YOU WOULDN'T IT?
WHAD'Y MEAN?
I'VE SUFFERED TOO MUCH
DON'T GIVE ME THAT CRAP WHAT DO YOU REALLY KNOW ABOUT IT LOOK AT YOURSELF TALL DARK HANDSOME EVERY ADVERTISING SIGN ON EARTH SCREAMS AT US THAT WE GOT TO LOOK LIKE YOU YOU'VE EVEN GOT THE SAME FUCKING NAME AS THE BIONIC MAN
OOO STEVE YOUR SO MASCULINE STEVE! HA HA HA! WHAT A DUMB SHIT OF A NAME WILLY'S BAD BUT STEVE IS WORSE
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT BEING A REAL LOSER IS LIKE SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU'RE ON THE WINNING SIDE YOU'RE OK YOU'RE DESIRABLE YOU'RE THE PARADIGM OF THE SUPERHERO YOU BASTARD EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE LIKE YOU
YES WILLY EVEN YOU
YES FUCK IT EVEN ME!
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THE WORD ACHIEVEMENT MEANS IF YOU HAVE THE BASIC EQUIPMENT AT YOUR DISPOSAL YOU'RE BOUND TO HAVE WITH A MILLION BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
OH I WOULDN'T SAY THAT WILLY NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE LIKE

I SEE YOU'RE SO GODDAM FUCKING SECURE THAT YOU'RE IMMUNE TO CRITICISM YOU CAN AFFORD TO JOKE ABOUT IT ALL
WELL YOU'RE ALWAYS JOKING ABOUT IT
NOW YOU'RE JUST SHOWING YOUR IGNORANCE STEVE STEREOTYPE I NEVER JOKE
IT JUST SOUNDS FUNNY TO YOU COS YOU THINK LIFE IS ONE BIG JOKE
PLEASE GENTLEMEN! I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU BOTH LIFE SEEMS LIKE A JOKE TO ME BUT A JOKE IN SOME WHAT QUESTIONABLE TASTE
SOUR GRAPES YOU'VE JUST GOT THAT FEELING 'COS YOU'RE THE ONE THE JOKE IS ON
NOW THERES A WINNER TALKING
LIFE TO ME IS LIKE A CHILDISH PRANK SOMEWHAT BENEATH THE DIGNITY OF A GOD IMAGINE BEING GIVEN A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT A BOOK OR A TOY BUT THE BOOK IS A DETECTIVE STORY WITH THE LAST PAGE TORN OUT THE TOY IS A JIG-SAW PUZZLE WITH ONE PIECE MISSING JUST MISSING
ONE FEELS RATHER FOOLISH AND SILLY YOU HAVE THIS IMAGE OF YOURSELF AS A MATURE INDIVIDUAL BUT ALL YOU WANT TO DO IS GET YOUR OWN BACK ON THIS INFANTILE MINDED CREATURE
IN SHORT I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN POSSIBLY CONTINUE TO FUNCTION AS A EVEN HEADED FREETHINKING RESPONSIBLE ADULT
AND SO EVEN THOUGH I'VE TRIED FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS NOT TO LOWER MYSELF TO HIS LEVEL
IF I EVER MEET THE SPITEFUL LITTLE BASTARD
I'LL RAM HIS TEDDY BEAR DOWN HIS FUCKING THROAT!
AHEM- NOW IF YOU'LL JUST EXCUSE ME I'LL CLIMB BACK INTO MY WOMB AND BE GONE
AU REVOIR I'M GOING TO RESEARCH THE UNIVERSE TO SEE IF I CAN FIND MY SENSE OF HUMOUR
THAT'S THE FIRST TIME IN TEN THOUSAND YEARS I'VE SEEN SISYPHUS SMILE
I WONDERS TO US ALL SOONER OR LATER TITAN
WELL WHERE TO NEXT?
WHO CARES IT'S THE GOING THAT COUNTS
OKAY WE'LL GO TO SIRIUS THEN I'VE ALWAYS FANCIED
ANYWHERE, BUT SIRIUS
SORRY I BLEW UP BEFORE, STEVE I GUESS IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT YOU'RE TALL DARK AND HANDSOME
WE MUST ALL SHARE THE BLAME FOR THAT

O GOD · I COULD BE BOUNDED IN A NUTSHELL
AND COUNT MYSELF A KING OF INFINITE SPACE
WERE IT NOT THAT I HAVE BAD DREAMS


TURN THE MUSIC UP
LOUD

I CAN'T GET
WILLY
STEVE

O SATISFACT

TO BE OR NOT TO BE: THAT IS THE QUESTION
WHETHER 'TIS NOBLER IN THE MIND TO SUFFER
THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE
OR TO TAKE ARMS AGAINST A SEA OF TROUBLES
AND BY OPPOSING END THEM? TO DIE TO SLEEP;
NO MORE; AND, BY A SLEEP TO SAY WE END
THE HEARTACHE AND THE THOUSAND NATURAL SHOCKS
THAT FLESH IS HEIR TO 'TIS A CONSUMMATION
DEVOUTLY TO BE WISH'D
THE BEGINNING
THE MIDDLE
AND THE END

CAPTAIN FUTURE
JUST AS CAPTAIN FUTURE IS ABOUT TO SET OFF FOR AN EXPLORATION OF THE MUSTERIOUS RUINS IN DELTA ZONE, THE PIRATES LAND...
STORY: PHIL MANCELINE
ART. SERGE CLERC

MATSON WISELY GIVES THE ORDER TO THE CAPTAIN TO DIG IN...
WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF? THAT'S NOT A MARTIAN SHIP!

NO, IT'S WORSE THAN THAT! IT'S STIV BUDDER, THE BUTCHER OF THE GALAXY! SO WATCH YOURSELF!

45

FIRE!
ZAP ZAP
SHIT! THEY'VE OPENED FIRE! HIT THE DIRT, EVERY-BODY!
ZIP ZIP
THE WHINE OF TRACERS RINGS OUT THROUGH THE JUNGLE...
ZIP! ZIP!
OSGOOD! YOU'VE GOT TO GET THEM FROM BE-HIND! YOU GO WITH HIM, MATILDA, IN CASE THIS INCREDIBLE CAPTAIN FUTURE GUY IS WITH THEM! WE WANT HIM ALIVE! UNDER-STAND? ALIVE?
O.K, STIV!!
ZIP! ZIP!
46

WHILE OSGOOD, ARMED WITH A LASER-LUGER, AND MATILDA SET OFF INTO THE JUNGLE, BUDDER GIVES HIS ORDERS...
TELL THE MEN TO BE READY FOR TAKE-OFF.. WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN AN HOUR!!
BUT LITTLE DO THE PIRATES SUSPECT THAT A STRANGE PAIR OF EYES IS WATCHING THEM FROM THE FOLLIAGE...
THE FIRINGS DIED DOWN! THAT MUST MEAN SOMETHING!
FROM HIGH UP IN THE RUINS...
THAT'S HIM!!
WHAT?
47

WHAT THE FUCK ARE THEY UP TO?
I DON'T LIKE THIS!! LET'S GET OUT OF... OH, MY GOD!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
AT THAT VERY MOMENT...
A MONSTER!
KAF! KAF! YOU'RE THE ONE THEY WANT, FUTURE!
YOU THINK THAT THEY SPARED MY LIFE ON PURPOSE?
EXACTLY!!
49

CLOSER... KOF! KOF! FUTURE! THE MASTERS OF THE WORLD WERE RIGHT.. MY MISSION WAS TO KEEP YOU UNDER SURVEILLANCE..
AND TO GET RID OF YOU PERSONALLY.
CUT THE BULL-SHIT! IT'S A WASTE OF TIME, WITH THE MARTIANS AROUND THE CORNER.
I WANT TO KNOW!
KOF..KOF.. THE MARTIANS.. ARE FAKE.. THE WAR... JUST A WAY TO WIPE OUT THE OPPOSITION...A HOAX, ARRANGED BY THE GALACTIC OVERLORDS.. BY THE MASTERS..
WE'RE ALONE.. WE'RE ALL ALONE IN THIS SOLAR SYSTEM!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE MILLIONS OF INNOCENT VICTIMS? IT'S.. DISGUSTING! WHERE ARE THE MASTERS OF THE WORLD?
WHERE ARE THEY HIDING? BY ALL OF SPACE, TELL ME, MATSON!!
LET HIM ALONE, FUTURE! HE CAN'T SAY ANYTHING MORE!
BAR!
OOOM!
ATOMIC GRENADES! THEY'RE NUTS! WHAT'S GOING ON?
49

SOME OF THE PIRATES MAKE IT BACK TO THEIR SHIP, WHERE THEY WATCH THE MONSTER DEVOURING THEIR MATES...
THE INFRA-CANNON! FAST!
THE MONSTER APPROACHES THE SHIP, OVER-COME WITH CURIOSITY...
FIRE!
ALRIGHT, LET'S GO, FUTURE!
BUT.. WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS BACK AT THE CAMP... WE CAN'T JUST... LEAVE THEM THERE! WE HAVE TO TELL THEM TO REPAIR THE ROCKETS, AND...
BONK!
50

WHEN FUTURE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, HE FINDS HIMSELF LAID OUT ABOARD THE PIRATE SHIP. EDDING 8, ITS JUNGLE, ITS MONSTERS, ITS MYSTERIES ARE NO MORE THAN A GREEN BALL, NO BRIGHTER THAN ANY OTHER STAR...
OOOH! MY HEAD!
LUCKILY, MATILDA PROVES TO BE A DEVOTED NURSE...
POOR DEAR FUTURE! OSGOOD WENT A LITTLE TOO FAR!!
OOOOH! CAPTAIN FUTURE!
SUDDENLY...
ENJOY IT, KIDDIES!... IT'LL BE YOUR LAST...
51

WATCH OUT FOR MONSTERS
THEY SUCK BY NIGHT
ZAAAP!
ARGH!
SO YOU HAD A FISSION GUN UNDER THE BED, HUH?
MOMENTS LATER, WITH THE SUPPORT OF OSGOOD AND MATILDA, THE PIRATES BAND TOGETHER BEHIND CAPTAIN FUTURE... AND SOON...
NOW THEN... HEAD FOR EARTH!
FOR EARTH?!! BUT...
YEAH! MASTERS OF THE WORLD, HERE WE COME!
fin
52

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